

The  
Chameleon

1927.



Mike Egan 28



# *THE* CHAMELEON

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VOLUME VI



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PUBLISHED BY THE  
*CLASS OF 1927, BELMONT HIGH SCHOOL*  
*BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS*



MRS. HELEN L. WELLINGTON

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.. Dedication ..

to

**Mrs. Helen L. Wellington**

In appreciation of her unselfish devotion  
to the welfare of the Town of Belmont,  
we, the Class of 1927, respectfully  
dedicate this volume of the  
**Chameleon**



Belmont High School



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Art Editor



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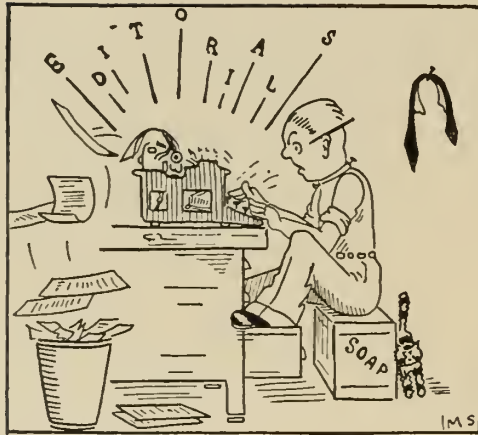
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## Mrs. Helen L. Wellington

With the resignation on March 1, 1927 of Mrs. Helen L. Wellington from the School Committee with whom she has been closely affiliated for twenty-one years, the Town of Belmont suffered an irreparable loss.

Mrs. Wellington inherits her interest in education, for her father was prominently associated with the schools of Fall River, Massachusetts, for over fifty-years. So it is not strange that she has been a devoted advocate of improvement and efficiency in our educational system. Among other innovations which this untiring worker has helped to introduce into the schools is the study of Mothercraft, whereby girls are taught the most scientific methods of feeding, clothing, and caring for infants and children.

We may realize to a certain extent Mrs. Wellington's unusual energy and activity by reviewing a list of the numerous offices which she has held. As a member of the School Board, as President of the Belmont Alliance, President of the Thursday Club, Honorary President of the Federation of Women's Church Societies, a member of the Boston Women's Civic Club, a member of the Republican Town Committee, and a member of the Republican Town Government for three years, Mrs. Wellington has worked ardently for the welfare of her community. How devoted was her interest is evinced by the fact that for three successive summers she gave up her time in order to take up courses at Hyannis so that she might serve the School Board more efficiently.

We shall never know with what self-sacrifice Mrs. Wellington performed her services. However, it is needless to say, all of us appreciate this noble woman whose life-long devotion to all that is worth while has aroused our utmost respect and admiration. The example of her splendid career will be an inspiration to us through the years to come.

## Faculty Advisers

If there is one seemingly thankless job in this high school, it is that filled by the class adviser. This person must be prepared constantly to hear complaints about the vagaries, stupidity and so forth of the class who elected him to supervise them. He must take part in innumerable petty arguments, and must always be on guard to prevent the class from committing various indiscretions or bringing about serious misunderstandings. It is, indeed, a fatiguing task, and he who fulfills these requisitions to any degree of success certainly merits the school's sincere commendation. Mr. Gifford, who has led us safely through the terrors of school life, has, by dint of unceasing effort, managed to avert many imminent calamities from our uncomprehending heads. He has performed his duties admirably. Much valuable time has he sacrificed to us. Hence, it is fitting and proper that we, here, express our heart-felt thanks for his many services to our class. Mr. Gifford has our best wishes during his later career.

## Co-operation

Cooperation is a vital factor in human life. The sooner the majority of us realize this fact, the faster shall we progress; for as some sage has wisely said, "He who plays a lone game, plays a losing game". Witness the titanic world-struggle of a decade ago. The German Kaiser, foe of practically every country on the surface of the earth, certainly proved the truth of this proverb.

The advantages of cooperation are manifold. According to one writer, "Cooperation is not an experiment; it is a method. Knowledge of this method is the only sure road to success." Not only to individuals does this definition apply, but even to the nations of the earth. The latter, brought into closer contact with one another by modern inventions that annihilate time and space, have slowly, through necessity, adopted cooperative methods in dealing with one another; for they realize that the concern of one is the concern of all. Moreover, cooperative movements are springing up within the nations themselves; Chambers of Commerce, Credit Associations, and Cooperative Banks are a few examples in our own country. Even our Constitution has felt the effects of this new influence; witness our present direct election of Senators, our initiative and referendum, and our direct primary.

Then, to bring the subject still nearer home,—the Student Government organization instituted this year in the Belmont High School is based on the theory that all shall cooperate for the common good; the publication of this little volume was made possible only by the heartiest concurrence of the members of the class; the operetta, the Senior play, the Senior-Junior Prom, all are examples of our successful cooperation in the past. By these instances, we see that cooperation and cooperative ideals are no longer mere sentiments; they are economic, political, and social necessities.

With all these arguments in its favor, why cannot we institute further cooperation in our school? Our term is at an end; but to our associates, the undergraduates, we leave the palm of leadership. We believe much may be accomplished — the Lunch-Room, the library, the study-halls, and other home-rooms could all be placed under a cooperative management. We the Class of 1927, have been the leaders in reviving this cooperative movement here at Belmont High. We have hopes that our successors will continue to carry out these principles; for we are of the opinion that they form the most sensible, most successful, and most remunerative policy as yet practised by mankind.

### **Dr. Leonard B. Clark**

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In the death of Dr. Leonard B. Clark, who passed away on October 26, 1926, the Belmont Schools lost a constant and devoted friend, who had been interested in the welfare of the Schools for many years, and had given himself unsparingly to public service throughout his life.

Dr. Clark was born in Weston, Mass., September 8, 1862. He prepared for College in the Newton Schools and graduated from Harvard College in 1895, from there entering the Harvard Medical School, from which he was graduated in 1889. In that year he settled in Waverley and began his career of public service and of ministry to the sick and the afflicted, which did not end until his death.

He was a member of the Belmont School Committee from 1893 until 1897 and from 1906 until 1918, and during four years of his incumbency served as Chairman of the School Committee. He was a member of the Board of Health from 1894 to 1897, and from 1911 to 1923 and was Chairman during the year 1922-23. He was Trustee of the Belmont Public Library for twenty-one years until his death, and served as Chairman of the Board for the last five years.

During the World War, Dr. Clark assisted the local Board in the examination of drafted men, and was an active and valuable member of the Public Safety Committee, and served as Food Administrator for the Town. He served on various School Building Committees, notably that which built the New High School. He was a Director of the Belmont District Nursing Association from 1919 until 1925, was a Director of the Waverley Co-Operative Bank for over twenty years, and was for many years a member of the Parish Committee of the Waverley Unitarian Church which he also served as Treasurer.

Throughout his professional life he was devotedly interested in the Waltham Hospital and worked unceasingly for its upbuilding and development, serving as a Trustee and member of its staff.

Dr. Clark was a man of broad sympathies, lofty ideals, strict integrity and careful judgment, with genuine kindness of heart and gentleness of manner in defending the right. Constant reading and reflection had given him a richly cultivated mind and a serene disposition. His scholarly instincts and wide knowledge of men and affairs made him tolerant of the opinions of others but did not deter him from standing steadfastly and with stern determination for the things which he believed to be right. Desiring only to serve others he always effaced himself and gave to the Town and its people all that was in him. His going is an irreparable loss to the Town of Belmont and to the Community in general. His unstinted and unremitting devotion to the service of Belmont is an inspiring example and a precious memory to all its citizens.

SETH T. GANO.

The 1927 Chameleon

Ye Facultie

Blennerhassett

MillEr

Loring

CoMery

GiffOrd

JohNson (2)

DornTee

THompson

HIggins

Gould

WelcH

Swan

Cove

Harris

StOne (2)

YOungberg

StuerwaLd

Comstock

Harrison

JAcobs

Meiers

KEtchum

OLson

CaldErara

MOsher

HaNley



## Card of Thanks

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The Editors of the CHAMELEON wish to take this opportunity of expressing their most sincere gratitude to:

Miss Gertrude L. Miller without whose kind advice and help this book could never have been made a success;

Mr. Sanford B. Comery in appreciation of his many thoughtful offices to us as a class;

Mr. Frederick O. Gifford for his four years of constant service as our Class Adviser;

Miss Mildred Blennerhassett for the use of many reference books and other literature;

Mr. Seth T. Gano for the article on Dr. Clark;

Mrs. Winifred MacKinnon, Dorothy Silley, and John Mercon, by whose pain-staking efforts the greater part of this book was typed;

Katherine Sarabia for her excellent contributions;

All the members of the Senior Class, and especially to George Panartos and Dorothy Mahoney, for their sincere support in this literary venture.

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Belmont High School



WILFRED HOOD, Pres.  
PAUL WALKER, Sec'y

JEAN KILSO, Vice-Pres.  
HOWLAND DUDLEY, Treas.

The 1927 Chameleon



John Harrison  
Jr.  
Orator



William Small  
Class Poet



Paul Walker  
Valedictorian



Douglas Morris  
Orator



Margaret Currier  
Salutatorian

## By Way of Apology—

Come one, come all,  
Both short and tall;  
For now you see  
The book that we,  
With all due pride,  
For months have tried  
To make succeed.  
And please, do read  
This emerald lizard  
From A to Izzard.  
This is no hoax,  
For all the jokes  
Are made for one,  
Who's full of fun.  
We all do hope,  
Within or scope,  
You, too, may find  
Some thoughts—not blind—  
To which respond  
Your heart so fond,  
Our artists, too.  
All just for you  
Have shown their skill.  
For you our quill  
Has tried to write  
Things not too trite.  
From far and near,  
Arise and cheer  
The workers all—  
This year-book's thrall  
Twenty-seven!  
Hail to Heaven  
This near great class.  
The crystal glass  
Predicts great fame.  
For every name.  
Let us take leave;  
Our thanks receive  
All who peruse  
Our reptile's muse.

W. N. S.

## The 1927 Chameleon

### ELSIE ANDERSON

"As busy as a bee the whole day long." Certainly this applies to Elsie, member of our able Art Committee. One of our most conscientious workers, she not only has the ability, but also the will to labor throughout "a long study period," hearing nothing, seeing nothing but the task before her. As with her lessons, so with everything else she undertakes—it is a marked success. Frankness, open-heartedness and truthfulness are the "*immediate jewels*" of her soul. Believing in the truth of the line: "*She that goes gently, goes safely and also far*", we predict a happy and distinguished life for Elsie, one of the best of classmates.

### HELEN ANDERSON

This golden-haired, blue-eyed girl with an interesting, independent manner is one of our brightest stars. The First Honor Roll will surely feel Helen's absence next year, for she has held a permanent place upon that precious parchment. In addition to possessing undisputed superiority over the majority of us in the mastery of lessons, in clearness of thought, and in speech, Helen has a bright, winning nature that chases away the "blues" and spreads sunshine wherever she goes.

### FRANK BALDAU

Judging from the trail of broken hearts he leaves in his wake, this famed orator of the History Class is no misogynist. It is removed that he was one of the officers of that late-lamented coterie known by the vulgar as the German Club; it is a well-known fact that he has held positions of responsibility in the class; and as for track—he is preeminent. Frank is a lover of archaeology: so strongly does he delight in studying ancient cities that next year, we are led to believe, he plans to journey to Antioch.

### MARY BARTLETT

What adjective would better describe our "Mary Lou" than incomparable? In her we find all the desirable and widely-diversified qualities of a typical American school-girl. To mention all Mary's various activities would be a task for a lexicographer; be it sufficient to mention that she has been Manager of Basketball, Secretary of the Belmontians, a diligent and thorough scholar, and above all, a *friend*.





## Belmont High School

### EDNA BROWN

*"Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle."* Taking this literally, it would seem that Edna should make quite a showing in the surgical line, or perhaps in the arts of construction. However, the half dozen of us who have really studied our Burke, know that this line characterizes one who possesses earnest devotion, kindly intent, sympathy and frankness—in other words, it applies to Edna. To such a model of reliability and accuracy has El Circulo Espanol entrusted its treasury. One glance into the sparkling blue eyes of this clever character actress discovers a fund of lively humor and a personality that endears her to her many friends.

### MILDRED BUCK

Ever stately, serene and imperturbable. Never shall we see you, Mildred, bereft of that queenly poise and seraphic expression which justify for you the title of "Angel". As is the custom of that heavenly race, you have ambitions to create beauty—in the line of dress designing. Here's wishing you all sorts of luck as our original "Mademoiselle Modiste". Moreover, judging by your ingenious sketches in the Fourth Period Drawing Class, your artistic taste will never desert you, talented Mildred.

### LOUISE C. BUTTLAR

*"Fair thoughts and happy hours attend you!"* This certainly is our sincere wish for Louise. During the last few years, happy indeed have we been to be her associates and comrades. Anyone who has followed the record of this cheery, determined little miss knows that she is a girl of possibilities. *"Tranquil people accomplish much"* they say. If so the day is not far distant when Louise will startle us with her achievements, for she is certainly a very peaceful little person.

### EDITH CARLSON

Eager—Dependable—Idealistic—Thoughtful—Hopeful, these spell Edith at all times. Ensnaring the elusive (and to most of us illusive) high marks is a daily practice for our speedy little typist. The rest of us occasionally manage to pull down an A, but here is one who always basks in the ethereal brilliance of the Goddess of Scholarship. Edith is continually a puzzle to us, but we have at last arrived at a clue which proves conclusively that after she leaves our midst, she will keep far in the van of those who work for progress.



## The 1927 Chameleon

### ROSELYN CHUTE

*"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."*

So sang Cervantes and so sing we about Roselyn, a vivacious little person brimming over with energy and mischief. Versatility should be Rosie's middle name; not only can she coax from a seemingly inanimate piano or banjo-uke jazz tunes that make our feet ache to dance, but she can sing most charmingly. As the one and only red (or should we say auburn?) haired Chinese maiden, she, as Little Almond Eyes, was one of the salient reasons for the success of the Olin Fund Operetta.

### WILLIAM F. CLARK

Here is a Demosthenes whose intermittent outbursts of rhetorical scintillations bring hope to our eminent instructors' hearts. Evidently a walking fashion-plate like Bill is in great demand among the contrary sex; for his retinue is far from being made up solely of boys. Were B's to be awarded for excellence in that particular branch of athletics occasionally designated as Mexican, Bill would have long since become an apiarist. Seriously, though, Bill's heart is in the right place and he should never have cause to complain of his future fortune.

### MARY F. COBURN

*"She worked with patience that did equal power."*

Exactly Mary! Never was there a more conscientious student; she works hard and obtains results in proportion. But we would have you understand that she is by no means a grind; for Mary is the possessor of a generous heart and a fun-loving nature, both of which tend to make her one of our most genial friends. Then too, Mary speaks French like a native Parisian (or at least, more like one than any of the rest of us). Those who witnessed her skillful portrayal of the cantankerous maid in the French playlet, "*Rosalie*" can guarantee the veracity of that statement.

### RALPH W. COE

Football and Coe seem to go together like the proverbial ham and eggs; for all true Belmontians will vouch that the efficient Coe was one of the main Coe-efficients of last fall's football scores. However, as one cannot be equally gifted in all lines, "Coe's" studies have been relegated to a second place in favor of his mechanical abilities—through dire necessity, we believe after having seen his Ford (?). Due to his virile personality, Ralph has enough friends in Belmont to fill half a dozen telephone books.





## Belmont High School



### CHARLOTTE L. CONNOR

At last, after much painstaking effort, we have discovered the reincarnation of Alexandre Dumas's Three Musketeers (not the Jersey brand!)"—"Charlie", "Ollie" and "Bumps." A bright mind, a quiet, serene power of carrying out all orders with efficiency and ardor, an estimable executive ability, and a well developed appreciation of all things artistic, combine to create an image of our dependable, companionable Charlotte. As has been her admirable record in Belmont High, so, we have every reason to believe, will be her record throughout her career.

### ALBERTA CRABTREE

We should not know what to do without Alberta; she is a veritable sunshine spreader, the Pollyanna of our class. Has not Alberta the most pleasant habit imaginable of brushing away all cares with a merry trill of laughter? As if this quality alone did not suffice to make her popular, Alberta brings us in addition her services as an active member of the Social Committee, as a devoted Belmontian, and as a tried and true friend. We only hope that in the years to come she will give her associates as much pleasure as she has given us.

### PHYLLIS CROCKER

Phyllis possesses pleasant efficiency combined with practical common sense. However, there are times when the less serious side of her character comes to light—for instance, when she plays basket-ball or gaily gossips with her many friends.

*"A little learning is a dangerous thing;*

*Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."*—Pope.

"Phil" obviously believes in the truth of this verse; for the waters of said spring, due to her frequent journeys thither; have receded quite a considerable amount in the past four years.

### MARGARET CURRIER

Mnemosyne, Clio and Calliope gave lavishly of their stores to "Peggy." What would the French Club have done this year without her capable leadership? She is one who, we expect, would remain calm in the face of utmost danger; in fact, we have an idea that our charming Salutatorian, who to this day is such an enigma to us, measures us very carefully, inwardly smiling the while at our ludicrous and futile attempts. In spite of our hypotheses, we know that she possesses the warmest of hearts and the clearest of minds hidden beneath a seemingly reserved exterior.

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WALTER F. DALY

When "Bob" has anything to say, he says it; otherwise this cheery youth is about as much addicted to loquacity as the proverbial quahog out of its native habitat. Faithfulness and perseverance are two of his outstanding qualities; not only does he display them on the athletic field, but also in the torture chambers of a certain celebrated edifice known to the uninitiated as the Belmont High School. May all the ambitions that he still so tenaciously guards in his heart come to a speedy realization.

DELPHINA DeSTEFANO

*"Here is a dear, true, industrious friend."*

Delphina is the very incarnation of a bright little sunbeam in more ways than one. Does she not spread sunshine and happiness wherever she goes? Was she not full of pep and energy as Captain of the Senior Girls' Basketball team? Aye, aye, chant we all in unison. Moreover, "Del" is a good student,—one might say a veritable Diana, a second Goddess of the Chase—of high marks. Also she is always glad to be of service whenever there are tasks to be done. Three cheers for our little sun-girl!

OLIVE DENNETT

Olives are a taste to be cultivated. However, be that as it may, we have found no difficulty in learning to like this particular one. In fact, we cannot progress very far successfully without this charter member of the modern "Three Musketeers", as the basketball team can testify. As Treasurer of the Belmontians, "Ollie" proved herself extremely efficient. For verification of this fact, we refer you to all delinquent members. But though she plays basketball and absorbs knowledge with an equal degree of brilliancy, we have a suspicion that her thoughts turn to society. No doubt the column devoted to that subject in the Boston newspapers will announce the coming-out of this charming debutante next season.

HOWLAND DUDLEY, JR.

As a reliable, unwavering athlete and scholar, we hand the bouquet to "Dud". He is the one who, almost without exception, filibusters the last five minutes in history, adding points which give only an inconsiderable indication of his vast store of knowledge. As Class Treasurer and on the CHAMELEON Staff, he has often proved his versatility. We know that Lady Success cannot be kept from him long, and he will win her as he had already won—er—we are pursuing our course too far, evidently, so *"in pace requiescat."*



## Belmont High School



### ALFRED N. DUNNELL

Industrious, talented poster-maker, stalwart manager of hockey and basketball player, to say nothing of being on the track team and holding a prominent social position in certain school orders, are only a few of the many aspects in which "Al" presents himself. In spite of all these activities, however, "Al" has by no means neglected his studies, as the Hon. R. Roll will readily indicate. As "Al" "takes the cake" for hard work and dependability, it will be an immense gain for Tufts when he becomes a Junibo next fall.

### MARGARET FOLEY

Why are those students giggling over in that corner?—When we see Margaret Foley in their midst, the question is immediately answered, for her contagious good-humor is an obvious and recognized factor in every classroom. "O, that was easy!" she briskly exclaims after the teacher of stenography has finished dictating one hundred per and while the rest of us wipe our foreheads forlornly. We shall not forget Margaret, for that would mean forgetting one of the main attractions of Belmont High.

### RICHARD FORD

During his career at Belmont High, Dick has efficiently upheld the traditions of the Ford family in both scholastic and athletic fields. A letter man in both hockey and football, he also shines in more literary lines. Although habitually a rather quiet and bashful fellow, we do not expect him to live up to this reputation when he enters the field of business; for, like the proverbial patented product of his slightly more celebrated namesake, Henry of Detroit, Dick always manages "to get there just the same".

### DAVID FOSTER

Although Dave has been in our midst for the past four years, it is but recently that we have become aware of the existence of a fellow with decided musical talent who renders the main portion of the harmony of one of our leading local orchestras. However, this is but one phase of this lad's complex character, for does he not perform with parallel perfection in History and English? Equipped as he is, his spacious cranium stored with the profuse knowledge of our two major subjects, we are sure he will go forth to success.



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### JOHN FREETO

John, in the classroom, is apparently a quiet, peaceably inclined youth. However, if he tackles college with the same vim with which he tackled Belmont's opponents, we may well expect lasting results from this capable youth. Moreover, John is a musician of note; John plus a banjo always equals an evening of rare entertainment. As John has ever been a faithful student and an energetic classmate, we feel certain that his "*effect on society*" cannot be otherwise than beneficial.

### BARBARA A. GANO

A more conscientious student than Barbara would be harder to find than the proverbial needle in the haystack; consequently, she stands very high in the ranking of the class. She is a most courageous lass, too; for when Fashion decreed that long tresses were again in vogue, she defied all obstacles and gained a victory over the rest of us more cowardly hearts by a becoming coiffure. As an assiduous worker for the Belmontians and as a willing helper on class committees, Barb has shown herself the possessor of much sought-for qualities of leadership. Therefore, we have no doubts that Mr. Success will never cease to follow her footsteps.

### ELLA GORDON

During her four year term in the House of Education, this amiable member of our class has proved herself a most pleasant associate and a faithful student. As a typist, she is some speed artist—she just steps on the accelerator and gives everyone else her dust. "*All work and no play makes Jack a poor sailor*" runs an ancient adage. Evidently, Ella believes that this is applicable not only to mariners; for judging from her omnipresent cheeriness, she has well observed the latter part of this maxim, despite all indications to the contrary on her report card.

### WILLIAM GRADY

Here is a fellow to be proud of! Captain of the two best football teams Belmont has ever put on the field, hockey and baseball player de luxe, and if he could find the time, Captain Grady would very likely be playing both boys' and girls' basketball and tearing around the cinder path as well. Bill is the personification of pep and perseverance: athletics or scholastics, he attacks both with that invincible determination that always succeeds. Rumor hath it that "Goat" is quite a lady-killer, but not seeing any defunct ladies around, we rather doubt the authenticity of this report.



## Belmont High School



### BERNADINE M. GRAMMONT

Bernadine goes her way quietly and cheerfully, observing much and saying little. We sometimes wonder if that enigmatic twinkle in her eyes means she is laughing at us or with us. At any event, this likable student and classmate is singularly gifted in the arts of poesy. Remember we have said this; for some day in the not too distant future, we are confident that well-known critics of the times will be of the same opinion.

### VIVIAN GROTJOHAN

When you see a merry young lassie come swinging down the corridors, her face lit up with an expansive smile, that is Vivian, a girl who, since we first made her acquaintance back in the bitter months of our early apprenticeship to high school customs, has never been known to lose her temper or change her peppy, enthusiastic greeting. Moreover, "Viv", has no end of possibilities as a student. The school has good reason to be proud of this worthy, willing worker.

### VIRGINIA GUSTAFSON

Always hurrying here and there through the corridors at a breakneck pace, "Gussie" may be seen cheerfully and companionably winding her course. We know not whether her haste be caused by a late start or is merely an outlet for that never-exhausted supply of energy which this zealous bundle of activity seems to possess. No doubt, this explains her speed and skill on the basketball court, and perhaps is the vital source of that ready, well-known smile.

### E. LUDOVINE HAMILTON

Quiet, good-natured and modest! Ludovine is the kind of girl who refuses to vaunt her own accomplishments, yet patiently will listen while less worthy enthusiasts rave about anything and everything from themes to theatres. Always a conscientious student and ever ready to lend a helping hand to the delinquent, "Ludy" has firmly planted herself in our garden of pleasant memories. We know that the school will feel her loss next year, for she is one of Mr. Stone's star violinists; still, our loss may prove Kousevitsky's or Damtosch's gain.



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### NATALIE HANSON

*"Certain stars shoot madly from their spheres  
To hear this fair maid's music."*

"This is station—broadcasting from the Boston Opera House, a concert by Miss Natalie Hanson, the well-known pianist who has astonished American and European audiences by her remarkable performances." Thus, at some future date, an eloquent Nestor of the air will announce the main feature of the evening. Shall we be proud of her? Well, rather!

### JOHN T. HARRISON

Judging from the fact that John was chosen to fill the important position of Joke Editor of the CHAMELEON, we infer that he must be the biggest joke in the Senior Class. However, although humor is apparently his special forte, our conclusion is erroneous; for a more conscientious and more serious worker than our Ivy Orator need not be desired. Whether in the classroom or on the athletic field, John always succeeds in doing well his allotted tasks. Keep it up, John; that's what pays in this world.

### DOROTHY HAVILAND

Who is that slender, blue-eyed girl dispensing the precious red and yellow "meal-checks" from behind her fortress, the ticket-table? Who but Dot, cashier extraordinary and indispensable member of the lunch-room "gang"? It is rare indeed that she makes a mistake, whether in giving change or in scholastic work. Not only has she qualifications for an excellent stenographer, but also she has an artistic ability that will bear watching—Maxfield Parrish had best look to his laurels.

### PHYLLIS L. HINCHLIFFE

It is rumored through these historic walls that "Phil" is one of the charter members of that celebrated sorority, "Flappa, flappa, flappa." Be that as it may, who can ever forget her as our dynamic cheer-leader? Even dignified, deep-throated Seniors are known to have responded to her wiles of persuasion. A most active and talented member of the Belmontians, an accomplished devotee of Terpsichore, a member of the CHAMELEON staff, and a true friend to all. Phil throws herself heart and soul into any tasks which may be assigned her.



## Belmont High School



### MAJORIE HINCKLEY

In this diminutive person are embodied two enviable qualities: good-fellowship and helpfulness. Although, at first impression, Marjorie seems to be a demure, sober, little miss, one is surprised to behold, on further acquaintance, the fun and frolic hidden beneath her serious mien. On countless occasions, her ready wit has proved the life of the party. We prophesy a successful future for our industrious little classmate: a girl who can accept the hardest day's work with a cheerful, unflinching smile will certainly prosper.

### WALTER HINES

Right here and now we wish to contradict the spurious rumor that in spite of the fact that Walter is ever ready to help one out of a bad "pickle", he is by no means "one of the 57." In that branch of education embellished by the precepts of Burke, Bunyan and Burns, this genial fellow excels, to say nothing of his prowess in the lists of athletics. Incidentally, he is the proud possessor of one of those famous smiles for which the Advertising Manager of the Pepsodent Company is always on the lookout.

### LOUISE HOLMES

*"Good things come in small packages."*

An oft-reiterated expression,—but one that will well bear repetition in regard to Louise, the third member of Belmont's Three Musketeers. Petite? Mais oui! Capable? Certainly! "Bunny" does everything, from the Charleston to driving her "Fierce-Sparrow", with a most delightful zest and vim. In the years to come, we shall automatically associate this breezy, alert, little sprite with our most cherished memories of Belmont High.

### WILFRED HOOD

"Hoodie", originator and first Chief Marshall of our Student-Government system, shines anywhere, whether on the football field, on the basketball court, on the cinder path, wielding the awe-inspiring gavel at a class meeting, or—why go on? He is the most popular fellow in '27, a conclusive proof of his general efficiency. Always has he stood near the head of his class in regard to studies, and now, we understand, he is majoring in *civics*: for we hear from reliable sources that Marian means far more to him than a city in Ohio.

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"Carla" is one of our talented public readers, possessing the double power of bringing tears to our eyes and pride to our hearts. She it is who so smilingly and graciously conducts us to our seats in the local "Opera House". An active member of the Spanish Club, she seems to take quite an interest in naval officers, no doubt on account of the possibility of sailing to Spain some day. Can't you just picture Caroline strumming a guitar in some far-away Spanish villa?





## Belmont High School



### EVALYN KEITH

Evalyn is a popular, all-round girl, one who does not especially excel her classmates in any one field, but enters into all activities with equal enthusiasm—that is almost equal: for she does surpass all in respect to hair-dressing. The manner in which she does up her golden locks is surely the conception of a genius! She has been wearing her “pug” for quite some time now, so we have become fairly “Hughes” to it, and we do like it—don’t we George?

### ELINOR KELLEY

Picture a slim exquisite girl with a sleek brown bob and dark eyes, in whose depths lurks a suggestion of mystery. Add to these the facts that “Billie” has a rich contralto voice and wears clothes of a most Parisian fashion—and you have a faint conception of the pleasure that is ours on making Elinor’s acquaintance. As the fascinating heroine of the musical comedy, “Springtime”, presented in our Junior Year, Elinor scored a decided hit. Do you wonder she has more beaux than a regiment of archers?

### JEAN KELSO

*“What star is this? What tumult in the heavens?  
Whence cometh this alarm and the noise?”*

Yes, sad to confess, although Jean stars both in athletics and in learning, she unhappily also excels in pandemonium. Twice Vice-President of the class, basketball captain, nascent tennis champion, Associate Editor of this—this— (words fail us)—certainly there can be no question about it; Jean Stan’s alone a head above us all.

### CECELIA KERRIGAN

“Try, try again”, chants Cecelia—and she does. In every class we find this true. Although she has not yet reached the peak of scholarship she is steadily advancing toward this height. However, while consecrating herself to the attainment of her desire, she does not look only at the serious side of life; for her sunny disposition guarantees a ready welcome for her in any gathering. Due to her sparkling jocundity, she seems to—*“shame the stars as daylight doth a lamp.”*

## The 1927 Chameleon

### EDMUND KEVILLE

"Emmy's" diminutive stature does not serve to keep him beneath our notice—far from it. Rather the brilliancy of his mind keeps him in the public eye, for he is one of the envied "clear thinkers" of the class. One of our stalwart racket-weilders, Emmy displays his proficieny in the sport made famous by Tilden and Lenglen. A report has been traveling around school to the effect that Emmy is going to Williams. Well, we know of no one better qualified to uphold the prestige of Belmont both in college and in the legal world; for we hear he aspires to the dignity of the law.

### EDWARD H. LADD

Ed is the boy who "tootles" the cornet in the orechestra—and "tootles" it well, needless to say. Despite his apparent lung power, Eddie makes little noise in class. Some boys are that way—quiet, but there with the goods! A faithful "rooter" for all Belmont's athletics, this embryonic ehain-store manager certainly lives up to the code of a good sport. This sporting instinet influencees even Eddie's taste in clothes as is evineed by his predilection for "classy" kniekers and rolled socks.

### MAE N. LANGLEY

*"He that will purchase things of greatest prize  
Must conquer by his deeds and not by words."*

If the above stipulation is to be believed, Mae will certainly be a wealthy young lady someday. Possessed of a quiet temperament, she is one of our most industrious students. Is an essay of individual style needed for the Year-Book? Ask Mae for it. Does someone wish a eharmingly artistic poster to advertise a soecial event? Go to Mae for it—and so on, *ad infinitum*. This quietly humorous little miss is a vital factor in the Class of '27 and, for that matter, will be one in whatever profession she follows.

### ALFRED W. LARSON

Not only must the physieal abilities of "Wolf", one of those rare and priceless personages known as "three-letter men", be admired; but, since he also stars in the more scholarly fields his mental attributes must be extolled as well. As Chief Justice of the "Supreme Court of the United States", he was an *awful* and impressive magistrate. May the same suecess obtained by his momentous decision on the guilt of the President of the Fourth Period History Class guide him through the yet more important decisions of after years.





## Belmont High School

### LEONARD F. LIBBEY

"Len" entered Belmont this year a total stranger; but now even the most verdant of Freshmen has heard of the exploits of this mountain of mischief. In spite of the fact that he hails from Medford, he has won fame and popularity by his presence on the football team, by his indelible smile, and last but not least, by his triumphant promenade down the aisle for his "B". In reply to the CHAMELEON'S private questionnaire, he stated that his favorite sport was cleaning up the Gym floor (under supervision of certain of the faculty). As he also professed a decided preference for brunettes, we can but conclude that the statement: "*Gentlemen prefer blondes*" does not always hold true.

### ROBERT M. LITTLE

Ah, Madame Sphinx, allow us to introduce you to Mr. Robert Little, familiarly known as Bob. We highly recommend him to your Royal Silence for an understudy. Should he ever be afforded the opportunity of playing your part, we are of the opinion that he could easily surpass you at your own mysterious game of being inscrutable. "*Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.*" Bob evidently governs himself accordingly, if the results obtained and to be obtained are of any significance.

### MARIAN MacDONALD

An even temper is Marian's strong point. Did you ever see her ruffled? If so, you may rest assured that some millennial occurrence had come to pass. Whether it be class or committee work, she falls to with a quiet zeal which always secures results. Dependability is her middle name; enthusiasm and a lively sense of humor are also important components of her character. Somehow we feel that "*Her silence speaks loud*"; for without her the Class of '27 would seem incomplete.

### KAYE MacKINNON

Not even Sherlock Holmes himself, with all his daring deductions, could fathom the recesses of our prodigy's mind. Writing is her long suit; by winning the \$500. Chamber of Commerce award, she has brought no little fame to herself and to the school. Although this Euterpean devotee has been one of us but a short time, she has gained the honored positions of Editor-in-Chief of the budding school paper and of Associate Editor of the CHAMELEON. Add to these her extraordinary ability as an actress—and lo, we have our modest, talented Kaye!



## The 1927 Chameleon

MARIAN E. MacLEAN

*"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye;  
To doubt her goodness were to want a heart."*

If we start talking about Sis, we shall not know where to stop—"No mere words can magnify her fame." As President of the Belmontians, as our pilot through the green months of Freshmanism, as a member of the Social Committee, or as a basketball player, she is equally efficient. Wherever coming years may find her, she will always be "our Sis", capable, popular, and delightful, one who captivates everyone with her charming personality.

GRACE MAGUIRE

*"All nature wears one universal grin."—Fielding.*

Have you ever noticed that smile? Very probably. If you have not, your eyesight must surely be decadent, because wherever Grace goes, the smile goes too, and she is always found where there is any excitement. For some reason unbeknownst to us poor mortals, Mother Nature always combines the features you see before you—a jolly face and dark brown hair—with the best of temperaments. If success pursues her in the future as it has in the past, there will be no limit to what this girl can accomplish.

BLANCHE MAHER

Consulting the Delphic Oracle in regard to Blanche's future, we received the following ambiguous reply: "She will succeed". As used here, is "succeed" transitive or intransitive? That is the question;—but after all, the answer is not difficult, for anyone knowing even slightly this charming and accomplished young lady is aware that she possesses a mind far too original to follow in anyone's footsteps; Blanche will blaze her own trail. On the other hand, has she not, throughout the whole year, held a prominent place on the Honor Roll? Is not this conclusive proof of her success? We leave it to your equity to judge.

CLEMENT MAHONEY

We wonder what all those calls from the office signify. It would seem to indicate that Clement is as popular with the above mentioned forces as he is with the Senior Class—time will tell. Clement is the original innocent humorist of 307 (for proof of this statement, consult the office archives). Someday, we fear, Clement is actually going to study, and then shall we indeed think the Chiliad at hand. We shall remember him not as a scholar, but as a genial comrade on the rough highway of education.



## Belmont High School



### DOROTHY MAHONEY

Since it is said that flowers are chosen according to personality, we are quite certain that Dorothy's choice must be the violet. Until recently she was the possessor of long curls a la Goldilocks. However, when bobbed hair came into its kingdom, these bright tresses were sacrificed on the Altar of Style. Nevertheless, as her cheery smile was not a whit diminished by the loss of her crowning glory, she is just as popular as ever in the hearts of the Class of '27.

### LINCOLN D. McKICHAN

*"Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much if we consider where and how."* Carlyle might well have had "Link" in mind when he wrote those words: for in spite of the fact that he spends all his afternoons working, Link manages to study himself into high marks and into his teachers' esteem. Although Link has not been able to find time to participate in any school activities, Belmont athletics have never had a more enthusiastic supporter than this faithful fan. If perseverance insures success, Link will surely attain it; we are sure, from the care he bestows on his beloved "Lizzie", that someday he will step out and benefit the whole human race by his mechanical inventions.

### JOHN MERCON

*"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew."*

Applicable to John? Yes, sir! for John holds the enviable record of being one of the most brilliant students in our class. Studying, however is by no means a monomania with him; he manages to include football, CHAMELEON work, and other activities in his full curriculum. Despite his varied interests, John has found ample time to make and keep a host of friends.

### STUART MILLER

Nothing can be more incongruous than to hear "Cannonball" Miller, of basketball fame, render that touching lyric, "Sweet and Low." His powerful vocal organs seem more appropriately exercised when uttering in stentorian tones: "God Save The Class of 1927" (all apologies to Governor Fuller.) Stuart, incidentally, is the energetic manager of the infant Track Team. Some day in the near future we expect to see him usurping the hitherto uncontested position of the celebrated Senator from Idaho.



## The 1927 Chameleon

### FREDERICK MINZNER

Ye Gods! Such was the editorial exclamation when we realized that the character and personality of another enigmatical personage were to be analyzed. After weeks of fruitless effort, we have concluded that a true Minzner analysis is impossible; although if we make even a poor attempt to describe some of his numerous accomplishments, we may face the future demands of posterity with a clear conscience. Midget of the class though he be, this blonde lad manages to get into more mischief per weight and volume than any other fellow in school. If he should ever lose his smile, we should all think an eclipse of the sun was coming to pass; for Fred's animative good-humor and cheery chatter are now official by-words in Belmont High.

### MADELINE E. MORIN

Page the personification of willingness, happiness and efficaciousness—presto! we shall have Madeline! Her motto seems to be: *There is time for work and time for play*, and judging from her ubiquitous cheerfulness, she must surely never slight the latter part of her guiding principles. Her ambition being to become a nurse, it is certain that some doctor has a treasure in store for him; for although her report card is not now glowing with A's, her earnest effort, perseverance, and winning personality will carry her to the top of the ladder in any pursuit.

### DOUGLAS MORRIS

Shades of Henry Clay, Edmund Burke, heliotrope, vermillion, etc.! Can't this fellow talk! With vocal organs surpassed only by the *tints* of his haberdashery, he carries off all honors for proclamations, exclamations, declamations,—and tergiversations. If in a tranquil mood, never say anything debatable when Doug is around; for he will be sure to accept the challenge, and then, bid your tranquility good-bye—you're in an *argument*. This popular Son of the Maple Leaf has ever been among the most prominent of the class, holding down such positions of importance as Class President (Junior Year), Chairman of the Social Committee, Manager of Basketball, Class Orator and Shekel-Shaker of our own little CHAMELEON.

### KENNETH NAY

Until very recently, we had all thought of Kenny as a confirmed woman-hater; but alas, our illusion is shattered, for at a certain party he was seen with a certain other party, a member of the hated sex. O sempiternal beguilers and ensnarers of men! Are none safe from your wiles? Perhaps it is for the best, however; for Kenny, due to his prowess in athletics, especially basketball, has more admirers than a centipede has legs—and all are not confined to his own sex.





## Belmont High School



### DOROTHY NICKERSON

*"Gentle of speech; beneficent of mind."*

Such a quotation applies to our Dot, the only trouble being that it is not adequate to define accurately her many accomplishments. Tutelary deities were indeed munificent to her, endowing her not only with a penetrating wisdom, but also with an appreciation for the company of such immortal composers as Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn—and some say, Berlin. Would that we possessed but a share of her unassuming knowledge!

### KREKOR NURSESSIAN

There is no small number of good sports in the Class of 1927, but "Joe" is certainly one of the most genuine. A good athlete, he has been a participator in every sport since his advent in Belmont. Pluck, grit, determination, whatever you choose to call it, this boy has barrels of it. Besides excelling in this particular line, Joe is a good student—one of those who regularly set their names on the Honor Roll and capture those precious A's which so seldom appear on B.H.S. report cards.

### EDITH OLSON

Edith is one of the winsomest, most happy-go-lucky young spirits we have in our midst. She certainly intends to take the advice of Shakespeare, and *"with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."* Notwithstanding her gaiety, there is proof of the fact that she can concentrate in all seriousness, too; for we have been more than once assured that she possesses that envied ability to compile culinary concoctions to the satisfaction of even the epicures. You see, with conscientious effort, she has applied that old saying: *"the way to a man's heart—"* and so on.

### HOWARD PAGE, JR.

First Page in the history of the Class of '27, a prominent position indeed! Howard, our own conception of the acme of sartorial splendor, is the only person in Belmont High qualified to bear that title. Always at the service of class or school, this trusty Treasurer of the French Club and Vice-President of the Spanish Club, is one of our most clever portrayers of difficult roles. Moreover, he is the budding baritone who made such a hit as Ping-Po in *"Little Almond Eyes."* Regarding his experiences, here at Belmont, he may well say, in the words of the immortal Caesar, *"Veni, vidi, vici."*

## The 1927 Chameleon

### GEORGE N. PANARTOS

We have with us the only original "Pugnacious Panartos". This epithet is not in the least sense derogatory, but is merely an indication of an indomitable spirit which will stir the world at no distant date. George is willing to tackle anything from candy-selling to Prohibition. A veritable Proteus in his many-sided nature, when any work is to be done, the old chestnut, "*Let George do it,*" always holds true. At Harvard, it is superfluous to say that we expect him to uphold the proud name of Belmont.

### ELEANOR T. PARKER

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,  
An excellent thing in woman."*

However, a pleasing voice is not the only admirable trait Eleanor possesses. No indeed,—winning manners and a certain indefinable poise that accentuates her personality, combine to make Eleanor all that could be desired in the way of feminine charms. Some say that "*Success is measured by accumulation*". If by that they mean an accumulation of tasteful finery capable of making less fortunate sisters green with envy, we should say that Eleanor's success is assured.

### KENNETH PARKER

Although Kenny's social career wrecked all his chances in the field of athletics, it had no ill effect on his scholastic standing. This estimable youth faces with a dauntless smile all the mathematical problems that can be given him, and those he cannot work out, he "argues out". If he attacks future riddles with the same zeal with which he inspired his committee to manage so successfully the presentation of *Green Stockings*, we are sure that he and Dame Fortune will be more than casually acquainted.

### ROBERT PEARSON

Bob, the same modest, unassuming Bob of the classroom, is one of the eleven reasons for our undefeated football team. After the first cursory impact with this cheerful Antaeus, the opposing linesman usually discovered he had an important engagement in another quarter of the town. As first assistant to the instructor of manual arts, he is fast making himself useful as well as ornamental; soon, we hope, Robert Pearson, Architect and Builder, will have become *the* authority on all matters pertaining to the intricacies of construction.



## Belmont High School



### EARLE PERKINS

Tranquil, quiet, calm—only when he's asleep—there we have Earle Perkins of that famous firm of Perry, Panartos and Perkins, basketball managers par excellence. Throughout the entire past four years of imprisonment, Earle has been a dynamic, capable worker. Has anyone ever seen him when he was unwilling to help out in any undertaking? As for future success, his fortune is made, provided that he will condescend to submit his photograph to the Ide Collar Company for use in their various artistic creations.

### STANLEY PERRY

Stanley's cognomen should certainly be Willing. He has been a ready worker on class committees, especially as chairman of that well-known Ring Committee. Have you ever seen Stan play tennis? No? Then you have missed a stellar performance; for he is one of the tennis team's "iron-men," a second Rene Lacoste. Basketball and track also have claims on Stan. Moreover, it is reputed that he is a devoted admirer of Burns mainly because that celebrated Scottish bard wrote—well, a certain poem.

### G. DORIS POOLE

*"If she's smiling all the while—"*

That's Doris Poole. But surely the possession of such irresistible dimples ought to prove inducement enough to make anyone wish to smile. Smiling is not Doris' sole accomplishment either—"*Forward and frolic glee, the will to do and the soul to dare*" these are hers too; and when you add a marked mental efficiency capable of penetrating the darkest fogs of certain classical writers, you have a faint idea of Doris.

### ALICE POORTORIAN

Extra! Extra! Young Girl Perfects Cure for Blues! Guaranteed to produce happiness. Certainly we can guarantee it! Alice, our proficient typist has experimented on us with the desired effects. Sh—! we shall tell you her formula: a cheery smile, a merry hail, a dash of twinkling brown eyes, and a gay repertoire of the latest song and dance hits—ever at your service. Perhaps this explains her general popularity; but we think not—not wholly, for Alice is gifted in many other fields.



## The 1927 Chameleon

### CHARLES REDGATE

A bundle of live wires, that's Charlie. Whether it be delving into the most puzzling mysteries of our dear friends, Muzzey and Carlyle, or innocently disturbing the sedate peace and quiet of the study-halls and corridors, Charlie is always there at the finish. Moreover, Charles takes great delight in pestering E. Resnick, late of Plymouth Rock and vicinity, so much so that we often wonder if "Res" would ever miss him. One morning Charlie entered 307 with his chin done up in wax-paper which seems to indicate that "Res" does not miss him.

### ELMER RESNICK

"Res" certainly made himself popular this year in Belmont by his shrewd energetic and indomitable playing on the basket-ball team. Plymouth indeed lost an athlete when he hit the trail for Belmont. Then, too, he ranks with the highest in scholastic ability. If "Res" sticks to his present extra-curriculum occupation, we may soon expect to receive neat, engraved cards announcing the opening of "Resnick's Parisienne Cleansing and Dyeing Establishment" at number ....Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

### DOROTHY RIDER

Her popularity as purveyor and supervisor of collation for that celebrated coterie known as the Dramatic Society is unrivalled. But this is far from being the sole reason for her general esteem; for is she not an excellent scholar? Can she not sing or perform on the piano with a grace worthy of Orpheus? Reliability is the keystone of Dot's character; no matter what be the task, it is sure to be done well if only Dot is connected with it.

### DORIS ROSENBERGER

*"Besides she hath a prosperous art,  
When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade."*

We have always admired Doris' poise and merry camaraderie. She is fully competent for any task, from committee work to impersonating a charming chinese maiden with a voice that *"could sing the savageness out of a bear"*. The spontaneity that comes with a sincere interest in those about her is Doris's too. May she realize its value to the utmost!





## Belmont High School

### PHILIP RUSSELL

*"Caesar was ambitious \*\*\*\*\* and greivously hath Caesar answered it."*

Poor Julius let his ambitions run away with him, and see what happened to him! Phil, however, subtly improving on the imperfect plans of Caesar, takes care not to let his ambitious exceed his abilities. He is planning to enter M.I.T. and we are sure that institute will appreciate the athletic attainments of this lad who has been awarded B's in both football and basketball, and who has more than an even break for getting a like emblem in baseball. Phil possesses the true Belmont spirit, which in our opinion is the best guarantee for success.

### DOROTHY SILLEY

When there is anything difficult to be done, there is a universal howl of "Let the other fellow do it." However, Dot doesn't waste her breath in this fashion; she simply falls to with a will and does whatever is required. People like Dot are "the powers behind the throne" on whom the affairs of this world depend. Basketball and track, operettas and plays, teachers and classmates, all call forth their share of her various talents. *"Diligent early and late"*—surely this is Dot.

### EDWARD SKAHAN

Ed needs no introduction. As everyone is familiar with his activities around school, we wish to inform you that when he receives his diploma, not only his family, but also the members of Hose No. 3, B. F. D. will rejoice. The latter, no doubt, will provide him with a uniform since he will then be able to be with them all day. Now, all acquainted with Ed simply call the fire-station when they wish to get in touch with him.

### IVAN SKINNER

We begin to comprehend that there is a genius in our midst; for Ivan walks unabashed in the company of such immortals as Shakespeare, Bacon, Carlyle, and Emerson. Being chairman of our efficient Art Committee, he gives us some inkling of his proclivities. Judging him by the ingenious conceptions known as cartoons embellishing the pages of this book, we venture to predict that this popular and talented member of our class will soon succeed to the laurels of Messrs. "Bud" Fisher, and "Sid" Smith.



## The 1927 Chameleon

### WILLIAM SMALL

In spite of his abbreviated stature, Bill, the 1927 model of the Sphinx, towers head and shoulders above most of us when it comes to studies—and fun. His favorite sports, outdoors and in, are track and baffling our dearly beloved instructors with his mature intellect. As Associate Editor of this journalistic atrocity, his prolific pen proved one of our main weapons of offense and defense. May his name stand in the annals of Belmont High, not only as 1927's Class Poet, but also as the most good-natured, fun-loving, mirth-provoking member of our class.

### DAVID STACKHOUSE

If a stranger should chance to open the portals of our auditorium any afternoon before basketball practice, he would hear the melodious chords of the latest songs issuing from the piano, at which sits our gifted, auburn-haired "sheik". The professors at B. U. will marvel, not only at the vocabulary, but also at the reasoning power of this popular young man. His determination has carried him safely through the tempestuous sea of Edmund Burke without even his deck awash. With the same determination in the future, we are confident that success will ever be Dave's.

### GLADYS STONE

Do you like candy? Then you should get acquainted with Gladys; for this winsome, blue-eyed damsel is the champion candy-maker of Belmont High. One of her most cherished ambitions is to follow the art of dress-making, and if choice of apparel be any indication of success in that line, Gladys cannot fail. Believing implicitly in the truth of that old saying, "*Still waters run deep*," "*with malice toward none and charity for all*", Gladys, we wish to ask you in a friendly voice, "Who is he?"

### FRANCIS J. SULLIVAN

"Franny" is personality plus—plus all the qualities that are necessary to make him one of the best of all good sports. Franny is a well-meaning, industrious chap; he has little time or inclination to hunt for trouble. Nevertheless, it is noticeable that he is always getting into some, no doubt because his powerful larynx emits sounds which, while not intended for "*the pruriency of common ears*", unfortunately are more than audible to the proctor of the study-hall. His persistency sweeps aside all obstacles in the path of his unfaltering march to success.



## Belmont High School

### HELEN SUTTILL

Pretty, effervescent, always happy, Helen is the personification of our ideals of a friend and classmate. Were Paris here to-day, he would have the inclination to steal again and carry her off to Troy; but to succeed, he needs must be a good Walker. Already have the class and LeCercle Francais called upon her to fill important positions; she is one of the Associate Editors whose task is it to compose these little sketches; the very fact that she was chosen to be the leading lady in *Green Stockings* is indicative of her talents as an actress; and let it never be forgotten that she is one of those two girls to whom belongs the eternal honor of founding the Belmontians. Helen already has her talisman for success—her smile; therefore we dispense with prophecies.

### ALFRED SWANSON

*"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"*

So wails Al as he jumps from his cosy cot at 8:10, snatches a bite and a half of breakfast, and rubbing the remnants of blissful dreams from his somnolent ocular organs, starts on a run for the school with the forlorn hope that the bell-system may be defunct or out of order. But when he does reach his destination, his efforts are well repaid; for Al is the nucleus of his own "gang" and has a host of followers. Although Al has never exactly been a book-worm, his stick-to-it-iveness will be worth much more to him than that inane title in the future.

### DORIS TIGHE

Nowadays, we use the word "sweet" to describe too many things; but we can truly apply it to Doris. Brown eyes, curly brown hair, a fascinating smile and a general winsome petiteness (irresistible, combination!) make her one of our most charming acquaintances. Moreover, Doris studies hard and is a faithful friend to the chosen few who have been fortunate enough to penetrate the opaque reticence with which she envelops herself.

### FRANCIS A. VAUGHAN

"Franny" is the "big boy" of '27, in more ways than one; big not only in stature, but in all other respects: in heart, in soul, in mental capacity, etc. As guardian of the eastern gate of 307, his efficiency again comes to the fore. Nor should his athletic ability be crowded into the background; for he is a member of that undefeated organization, the Belmont High Football Team, and has been a promising candidate for the outer gardens of the diamonds.





## The 1927 Chameleon

PAUL WALKER

Watson! the needle! We are about to discuss the mystery of the ages! It is useless to try to emphasize "Polly's" scholastic ability, for it is an obvious fact; but we would stress our Editor-in-Chief's other attainments. Behold his record: Past President of the French Club, Honorable (?) Secretary of the Class, Valedictorian, bustling Baseball Manager, member of both football and basketball squads, in the cast of the Senior Play—we could write forever about the amiability, good-fellowship, leadership, etc., of this jolly good etc. Somehow, Paul seems to have an inexplicable, yet undeniable, penchant toward Ancient History; to wit, his incoherent mumblings about Hellas—or is it Helen (of Troy, we presume, but we may have been misinformed)?

CHARLES B. WENDELL

"Oh boy! what a *rare* time I had last night"

Thus Junie greets us daily with never-failing regularity. But, nevertheless, we are obliged to award the gold medal to this carefree youth when it comes to making a banjo syncopate, he can extract tunes of all colors and dimensions from any instrument from a jew's harp to a bass viol. We who really know him can appreciate his multitudinous capacities for work. Junie is a participator in the "Back to Nature Movement," having made the necessary applications to M.A.C. If he will only sober up and settle down, he will accomplish wonders.

ERNEST C. WESTCOTT

Behold the friendly features of our fighting football manager, young musical (and jazz) prodigy, dashing hockey player, Alumni Editor, past class officer, and regular fellow! Ernie is a veritable six-in-one., Moreover, in spite of his diversified interests, this young fellow with a Lock on his Heart has, by dint of assiduous effort, become one of that select coterie comprising the Honor Roll. Again, besides, and furthermore—this dapper youth is he, who in the past, has represented so ably the Class of '27 in the halls of histrionic fame.—Watch his progress in the future!

ALICE WESTLUND

When it comes to those harrowing tortures, known as studies, reputed to have been invented by the ancients, Alice's mind is never in a situation parallel to that of Moses when the lights went out; rather it is she, who more than a few times has helped others from out this "dread Serbonian bog". As an actress, as an editor, as a comrade, Alice's merit has been proved again and again. She does her work quietly and efficiently, expecting no reward but the satisfaction of her own success. Best of luck Alicia!





## Belmont High School



### PHILIP D. WHITE

Phil is our history wizard, from whom we expect astounding reports in the no distant future. Behind his stoical visage, he conceals a vast store of good-nature, of hard work, and an omnipresent desire to please and help. He is one of those chosen immortals who have succeeded in accomplishing the seemingly impossible; he has attained the much sought-for goal of graeing, with his noble appellation, the First Honor Roll, the Elysian Fields of B. H. S.

### MIRIAM N. WILMARTH

Although Miriam has been with us but a short while, she has at once made a place for herself in the class and in the hearts of her classmates. A steady reliability, a sound judgment and a retentive memory, together with a pleasant nature, make Miriam an excellent student and a trusty friend. Some say she has brought these admirable qualities with her from Brookline, but we prefer to think them the natural result of Belmont High atmosphere. At any rate, we are glad Miriam has joined our ranks, no matter what the derivation of her esteemed characteristics.

### HAROLD WILSON

Pages could be written, peneils worn out, and encomiums exhausted in the attempt to deseribed "Ike", our Class Chronicler. Like a many-faceted diamond, he is ever flashing a new side of his nature upon us, hypnotizing us the while by his personality, wit and wisdom. This youth of the flaming head-piece, who always reserves a place on the Honor Roll, has done much for the suceess of the CHAMELEON. Moreover, in athleties, Ike, as our long-legged, dependable Nurmi, somehow always manages to "bring home the bacon". So long, Ike. May Heaven watch over you and your Buick in after life.

### WILBUR WOOD

Captain and stellar forward of one of the best basketball teams Belmont has ever produced are titles which rest lightly on Bill. Nor is his athletic ability confined to one sport alone; for on the diamond, he always manages to gather in a large percentage of speeding "pills", whether he be in the short-stop garden or in the pitcher's box. This year the very fact that Bill is our "eagey" captain is in itself indieative of a fine basketball team.

## The 1927 Chameleon

### JANE E. WOODS

Words are inadequate to delineate Jane. Vivacious and versatile, she is easily one of our most popular girls. Basketball is glad to claim her; the Dramatic Club owes her an irredeemable debt, for she was its co-founder; as Literary Editor of our famous, many-hued reptile, she has proved herself possessed of the priceless gifts of clear thought and expression; her worth in the field of literature is immeasurable. If she does not soon rise to prominence in whatever line she deigns to select, our opinion is indeed valueless.

### HENRY W. ZENTGRAF

Last of his class—alphabetically speaking only, Henry, our zealous radio “bug”, certainly was born a hundred years too soon. He is the most ardent of all ardent “hams”; among other things, he yearns to behold an electron floating around in a vacuum tube. This would seem to indicate that he is a dreamer; but it requires more than empty dreams to develop that business acumen and winning conviviality with which we shall always associate this likable classmate.



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## OUR SCHOOL

This school of Belmont High has seemed to be  
To us a place, where early our small powers  
We strove to find; where oft for many hours  
We all have slaved, all longing to be free.  
So have we said, but in our memory  
We'll think of the enchantment that was ours,  
Of all the pleasure, that to us, like flowers  
Appears now clothed; all else we will not see.  
When other mem'ries dormant long have lain  
And retrospect we'll call across the years,  
These school-days will come back to us again  
And we'll, once more, renew our hopes and fears,  
Our tasks again attack with might and main,  
And to Belmont High, once more, we'll give three cheers!

WILLIAM N. SMALL.

## The Class of Twenty-seven

Twenty-seven will not linger  
On the shores of high-school fame;  
May we go on to the glory  
Which awaits us in our name.

May we forward thru the battle  
Which lies 'twixt us and success;  
May we struggle with the future  
'Till strife fades to nothingness.

May we form a mighty factor  
In the progress of the earth;  
May we fight on undiminished  
'Till we show what we are worth.

Some of us will meet disaster  
As we seek our plans to try,  
Yet if we keep on attempting  
Our great aims can never die!

So let's hold to our high purpose  
And Temptation turn away;  
Let us each the world make better  
So that we may truly say,

That our years have not been wasted  
Even 'tho our strength has failed;  
That our will has proven dauntless  
As Life's stormy seas we've sailed.

May we keep our star from waning  
In th'empyrean void of Heaven!  
Now three cheers to Belmont High School  
By the Class of Twenty Seven!

WILLIAM N. SMALL.

## Class History

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Hail to the class that was discontented with the traditional prescription of total obscurity for Freshmen. Belmont High School awoke with a start when 1923's crop of aspirants stormed her portals. But alas, how were these inexperienced but well-meaning hopefuls to foresee that their zeal would be dubbed lack of discipline, and that such an ill-merited reputation would follow them into their Senior year? Such is always the reaction of a conservative system to a startling innovation; but time invariably triumphs and the Class of 1927 has indisputably come into its own.

Our ice-breaking tug smashed its way to open sea under the guiding hand of "Sis" MacLean, stopping only long enough to establish such a social landmark as the Freshman Party. Consequently, when "Bill" Hood took the helm in the following year, he found it comparatively smooth sailing, and with socials and a Valentine Party, life became one continuous round of pleasure. Soon, however, a more serious atmosphere settled over us; the midnight oil began to shine on book reports and chemistry manuals, for we had put away Sophmoric things and become Juniors. "Doug" Morris received our whole-hearted cooperation during this trying period and the result was a gala season. There was a party, there was the inimitable Prom, there was—and O yes! who can forget that Junior Picnic at Idlewood. Now what an inconceivable absurdity that a group with such fine possibilities, a group represented on every major athletic team throughout its career, and a group whose scholarship practically sets a new mark, should enter its final term with the handicap of being under-estimated.

Belmont High School experienced her second distinct awakening which even the most unappreciative cannot deny, when '27 settled down to its real task. Considering the amount of work required of Seniors, that it could hold any social events at all is miraculous and when you consider the Poverty Party, the Bridge Party, the combined Senior-Junior Prom and the Class Picnic, it seems little short of an impossibility. Food Sales and Benefit Performances fell in rather more readily with the extensive financial campaign demanded by the publication of a year-book.

But to leave the mercenary, the organization this year working hand in hand with our faithful Faculty Advisor, Mr. Gifford, consists of Wilfred Hood, Jean Kelso, Paul Walker and Howland Dudley, holding, in logical sequence, the four



## Belmont High School

offices common to such an association. Fomented by these leaders, the desire to vindicate ourselves in the face of an evil reputation led to radical changes in the home room. Student Government was undertaken and successfully exercised. But to reveal the fundamental principle, '27's chief ambition has long been to prove satisfactorily that her four years in B. H. S. have been far from wasted and thereby to express an inexpressible appreciation of what has been done for her during this time. May her lads and lassies go forth to mark the fame of Belmont on the highest pinnacles of success, nor rest till the best be accomplished.

HAROLD WILSON.



## Class Song

*Tune: Our Director March*

1

Class of '27, Seniors are we,  
Dear '27, in the world we'll follow at the heels of learning  
Hail to our ambitions, honor and success,  
Of all the classes, we'll be the best. Rah. Rah. Rah.

2

Hail to '27, Seniors all true  
Old '27, show the world you're proud of knowledge you possess  
Use it in the future on Life's rough sea;  
Remember Belmont High School where you used to be.

## Last Will and Testament of 1927

### *To whom it may concern:*

Be it known that we, the Class of 1927 of Belmont High School, and lately the most conspicuous unit of the same, being of sound mind and in full possession of our faculties and capable of disposing of our property (in view of the uncertainties of life) do appoint, transfer, bequeath and devise our estate as follows:

1. To Miss Gertrude Louise Miller, one checkbook of undiminishable capacity to substantiate the frequent bequests of jewels—of knowledge; also, one large-size, fancy, terra-cotta brick of sufficient weight to hold down the High School's literary masterpieces during the period of the annual March winds.

2. To Miss Annie C. Johnson, an abundant supply of soft, saffron-colored pencils with padlocks attached, to affix them to some firm foundation so that they may not stray mysteriously, to be discovered later in a diminished and decrepit condition about the study-halls; in addition, a special illuminated statue of Rodin's "The Thinker", replacing the famous THINK sign, to be installed in a conspicuous part of Room 110, but at a decorous distance from Venus de Milo.

3. To Miss Ethel F. Swan, highly esteemed home-room teacher, enough lumber to erect a fence around the wandering memorandum pad.

4. To Mr. Frank Arthur Scott, eminent bird follower, all the vacuous songs of the cuckoo, which, at various intervals, emanate from the Gym and its appurtenances.

5. To Mr. Sanford Bates Comery, principled principal, the despair caused by the graduation of the Class of Twenty-Seven.

6. To Miss Lois Stone, mentor of mathematics, for elucidation in her classes, a sphere with three flat surfaces; also, hopes for a wizard who can prove that a straight line is parallel in only two points.

7. To Miss Mildred Blennerhassett, learned librarian, the privilege of permanently suspending each miscreant from the library at least six times per semester.

8. To Andrew Murphy & Co., the permission to mow Harvard Lawn.

9. To Mr. Frederick Orr Gifford, adviser par excellence, all the statements made by Messrs. Walker, Morris, Panartos, and Parker during the past years, inscribed indelibly on a sheet of blotting paper.

10. To Miss Calderara, one logarithm table which proves that the square of a certain number, divided by its cube root is equal to the sum of its digits reversed.

11. To Mr. Thompson, one sound student who can boil water without burning it; also an as yet unpatented device which enables students' minds to work with a regularity second only to that of the school clocks.

## Belmont High School

12. To Coach Lewis S. Harris of Colgate fame, in addition to a loud speaker, a pump of the latest model to exhaust the water from the Gym during the January floods and the periodic inundations.

13. To Miss Marjorie Harrison, hopes of a gym class who possess the rare ability to distinguish left from right.

14. To Mr. Rodney Mosher, instructor of printing, the authority to change the date of the "Red and Blue", if said periodical is more than two months late.

15. To Mr. Carl V. Youngberg, chemist and physicist, all batteries whose voltage is of a minus quantity and all compasses that prove that east is west.

16. To Mr. Henry L. Stone, our distinguished instructor of music a new selection for the Orchestra to add to the other three; also the expectation of a bass section which can sing bass as well as soprano.

17. To Mr. Carl Olson, chairman of the Lunch-Room Highway Commission, all the plates, bottles, cutlery, etc., in a maimed and crippled condition which will be found in the ash-barrels in the coming year.

18. To the other members of the Faculty, all erasers, pencils, ink-wells and other articles of nondescript appearance to be found in the ventilators and lockers.

19. To the Class of 1928, the honor of attempting to fill our shoes; also all the gum cached, deposited or otherwise placed under the seats of the Assembly Hall.

20. To the Class of 1929, the pleasure of sharing the censure incurred by the Class of 1928; also the opportunity to throw papers on the floor of the Lunch-Room and blaming it on the Freshmen.

21. To the Class of 1930, the opportunity of making greater fools out of themselves (if that be possible); also the chance to wreak vengeance on the Class of 1931.

22. To the Belmont High School, a Lunch-Room with double the capacity of that now existing, the main service of which shall be to serve Mellin's Food to the Freshmen; also several drinking fountains which function at least twice the same day.

23. To our beneficiaries, the right to visit MacLean's hospital, if the work required to obtain these herein stated legacies should prove too strenuous.

As our co-executors, we appoint the one who sold the French the snow-shovels with which to build the Panama Canal, and the one who controls the price of Mexican jumping beans in Patagonia, who shall carry out the provisions of this will when Time and Mother Nature shall have removed the wrinkles from the Gym floor.

In testimony whereof, we hereunto set our hand, ordaining and declaring this to be our last will and testament, this thirty-first day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, and of the independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and fifty-first.

## Class Ballot

(with malice toward none and charity for all)

|                                  |                    |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|
| Prettiest Girl.....              | Marian MacLean     |
| Best Looking Boy.....            | Alfred Larsen      |
| Brainiest Girl.....              | Kaye MacKinnon     |
| Brainiest Boy.....               | Paul Walker        |
| Noisiest Girl.....               | Barbara Jack       |
| Noisiest Boy.....                | George Panartos    |
| Wittiest Girl.....               | Margaret Foley     |
| Wittiest Boy.....                | William Small      |
| Girl Most Likely to Succeed..... | Kaye MacKinnon     |
| Boy Most Likely to Succeed ..... | Douglas Morris     |
| Best Girl Athlete.....           | Jean Kelso         |
| Best Boy Athlete.....            | William Grady      |
| Best Girl Worker.....            | Margaret Currier   |
| Best Boy Worker.....             | Paul Walker        |
| Best Actress.....                | Roselyn Chute      |
| Best Actor.....                  | Howard Page        |
| Quietest Girl.....               | Edith Carlson      |
| Quietest Boy.....                | John Mercon        |
| Tallest Girl.....                | Jean Kelso         |
| Tallest Boy.....                 | Francis Vaughan    |
| Shortest Girl.....               | Dorothy Mahoney    |
| Shortest Boy.....                | Frederick Minzner  |
| Best Dressed Girl.....           | Eleanor Parker     |
| Best Dressed Boy.....            | Edmund Keville     |
| Most Popular Girl.....           | Phyllis Hinchliffe |
| Most Popular Boy.....            | Wilfred Hood       |
| Best Mexican Athlete (Girl)..... | Barbara Gano       |
| Best Mexican Athlete (Boy).....  | Douglas Morris     |
| Girl with the Most Drag.....     | Dorothy Nickerson  |
| Boy with the Most Drag.....      | Paul Walker        |
| Poetess.....                     | Bernadine Grammont |
| Poet.....                        | William Small      |



Belmont High School

CLASS BALLOT—*Continued*

|                            |                    |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| Artist                     | Ivan Skinner       |
| Orator                     | Douglas Morris     |
| Business Woman             | Mary Bartlett      |
| Business Man               | John Mercon        |
| Scientist                  | William Small      |
| Most Sessions after School | Clement Mahoney    |
| Encyclopedia               | William Small      |
| Best Girl Mixer            | Phyllis Hinchliffe |
| Best Boy Mixer             | Wilfred Hood       |
| Laziest Member             | Leonard Libbey     |
| Teacher's Pet              | David Stackhouse   |
| Best Natured Girl          | Mary Bartlett      |
| Best Natured Boy           | George Hughes      |
| Philosopher                | Ivan Skinner       |
| Dude                       | Howard Page        |
| Woman-Hater                | Philip White       |
| Man-Hater                  | Phyllis Hinchliffe |
| Class Heart-Breaker        | George Hughes      |
| Most Dignified Girl        | Alice Westlund     |
| Most Dignified Boy         | Alfred Dunnell     |
| Most Versatile Girl        | Kaye MacKinnon     |
| Most Versatile Boy         | Wilfred Hood       |
| Nerviest Girl              | Grace Maguire      |
| Nerviest Boy               | David Stackhouse   |
| Class Pessimist            | Philip White       |
| Class Optimist             | George Panartos    |
| Best Girl Musician         | Natalie Hanson     |
| Best Boy Musician          | Ernest Westcott    |
| Class Heavyweight          | Ralph Coe          |
| Class Featherweight        | Roselyn Chute      |
| Class Giggler              | Jane Woods         |
| Class Baby                 | Charles Wendell    |

## The 1927 Chameleon



Well, brothers of the class of '27 and undergraduates, the B. H. S. still has an appeal, after all, to the Post Graduates. We think you will agree with us when it comes your turn to re-enter, and you find the doors wide open extending their welcome to you.

It was with a kindly feeling of past memories that we gathered in Miss Annie Johnson's room last fall. Of the ten in our room, seven are of the class of '26, with Edgar Gazan, recently of Hebron, of the class of '25; Curtis MacLean, "a prince of good fellows", of the class of '24; and Ruth Schnitzlein, late of Cambridge. Evidently, all have returned for a definite purpose—college. As proof of the sincerity of our intentions, witness our creditable record on the report cards.

Although not an organized body, we have not held aloof from school activities, as the French Club, Spanish Club, and Belmontians will testify.

Early in the year, with the co-operation of the members of our class outside of school, a Benefit Performance was given at the Strand Theatre to help reduce the large debt incurred from last year's chameleon. Later, during the Christmas vacation, a reunion dance was held at the Chenery School. It was not as "howling a success" as it might have been, but everyone present thoroughly enjoyed himself.

To the Class of '27—we all join in a hearty wish for the success of your year book. May your Post-Graduates enjoy Belmont High School as we can sincerely say we have enjoyed her.

MALCOLM MURLESS, '26.

Belmont High School



FREDERICK KLAUER, Pres.  
ARTHUR FLAHERTY, Sec'y

WALTER FARRELL, Vice-Pres.  
PHYLLIS LEES, Treas.

## The 1927 Chameleon



# JUNIORS

As freshmen we had the usual trouble with lockers, "swelled heads", and the office. Our class remained unorganized until the middle of March, so it was voted to waive all participation in school social activities for the rest of the year, and to devote our time to the assimilation of school ideals and to the development of an intense pride and love for our school.

Profiting by previous experience at the very beginning of the second year, we elected the following class officers: Charles MacLaughlin, President; Rita Ward, Vice-President; John Schereschewsky, Secretary; Nathan Pearson, Treasurer. These officers ably performed their duties, and, under the guidance of Miss Gould, our class adviser, immediately established the class on a business basis.

During the winter, we stormed the social ramparts by means of a typical sophomore dance, given in the gym, which, although not the eighth wonder of the world as we had anticipated, served its purpose in giving us experience and in providing entertainment.

Our class last year stood high in scholarly attainments, and the names of many sophomores graced the first and second honor rolls. Many sophomores also took part in the various sports.

When we became Juniors, the change in us was at once apparent; we no longer had that annoying asininity or copious curiosity so common to freshmen and sophomores. For this year our officers are President, Frederick Klauer; Vice-President, Walter Farrell; Secretary, Arthur Flaherty; Treasurer, Phyllis Lees. These pupils have proved themselves extremely efficient.

Witness our Junior Barn Dance, held in the athletic auditorium which was tastefully decorated with hay, "pumpkins", and other common sights on a farm. The first *new* dance in a generation, it was featured by the "spotlight dance", an innovation that was hailed with great acclaim.

Numerous were the Juniors who last fall supported Coach "Polly" Harris in steering us through an undefeated season on the gridiron, perhaps this has partly offset the fact that our class this year has not been eager to give statistics about the honor rolls.

Next year we shall take the last step and ascend to the pinnacle which the Class of 1927 will so thoughtfully vacate for us. It will be pleasant to be Seniors, but many of us will have secret regrets at leaving our present estate and will pray, for the good of the school, that this broken Junior mould may be repaired.

JOHN SCHERESCHEWSKY.



Belmont High School



DORCAS BILLINGS, Pres.  
MILDRED THAYER, Sec'y

WILLIAM NORTON, Vice-Pres.  
ROBERT PALMER, Treas.

## The 1927 Chameleon



We, the peerless Class of '29, are well able to speak for ourselves, now that the proverbial rattle has been bestowed upon our successors, the underlings of '30.

Last year, we were firmly organized under the capable leadership of Herbert White. When we became superior Sophomores, Herbert White was re-elected to his former position as Class President, the minor officials being Dorcas Billings, Mildred Thayer, and Robert Palmer, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer respectively. Shortly after his election, the President resigned, the office being automatically filled by the Vice-President. William Norton was elected to fill the vacancy.

The Sophomore Class is well represented on the various athletic teams, and as to our scholastic ability,— we refer you to the Honor Roll. In February, the Sophomore Holiday Hop was given. The Social Committee, headed by Erman Perkins, performed commendable work in decorating the gym. Their efforts were rewarded, for the Hop was pronounced a great success by the large number present.

Our Junior year is almost here! We shall endeavor to continue being the shining lights of the school and to uphold the present high standards of our predecessors.

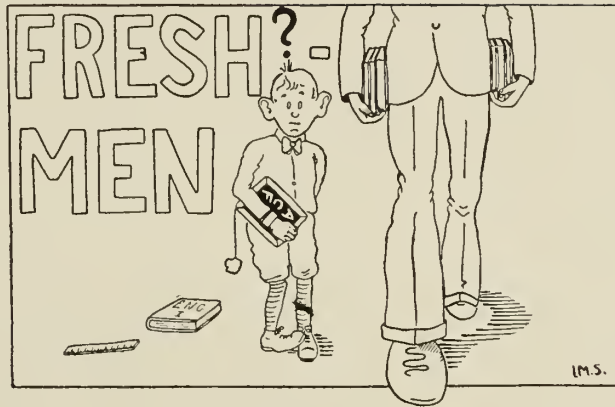
DORCAS BILLINGS.

Belmont High School



NICHOLAS ARAVANIS  
Secretary

## The 1927 Chameleon



Hail to the Class of 1930! Freshmen, 'tis true, but, as Aeschylus once said "Learning is in the *freshness* of its youth." So, you see, we have an advantage over our upperclassmen.

The first noteworthy event in our existence was the election of our efficient officers: President, Francis Bacon; Vice-President, John Murphy; Secretary, Nicholas Aravanis; Treasurer, Miriam Perry.

Babies of the High-School family as we are, we seem to make a respectable showing at least on the first and second honor rolls, and certainly no one can say we are not in the "center" of athletics. We are well represented in the middle of the line this fall and have made a strong bid for center in girls' basketball. We have also added to our Hall of Fame, as some ten or twelve freshmen are in the orchestra.

June will soon be here; then most of us will become Sophomores. Three cheers for the Sophomores of next year!

LAWSON A. ODDE.



# The Horrors of War !!!



Order, Please!



Senior Gifford  
Class Adviser



Ladies and  
Gentlemen -



Before and  
Taking



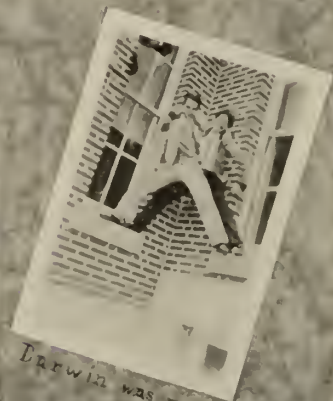
After



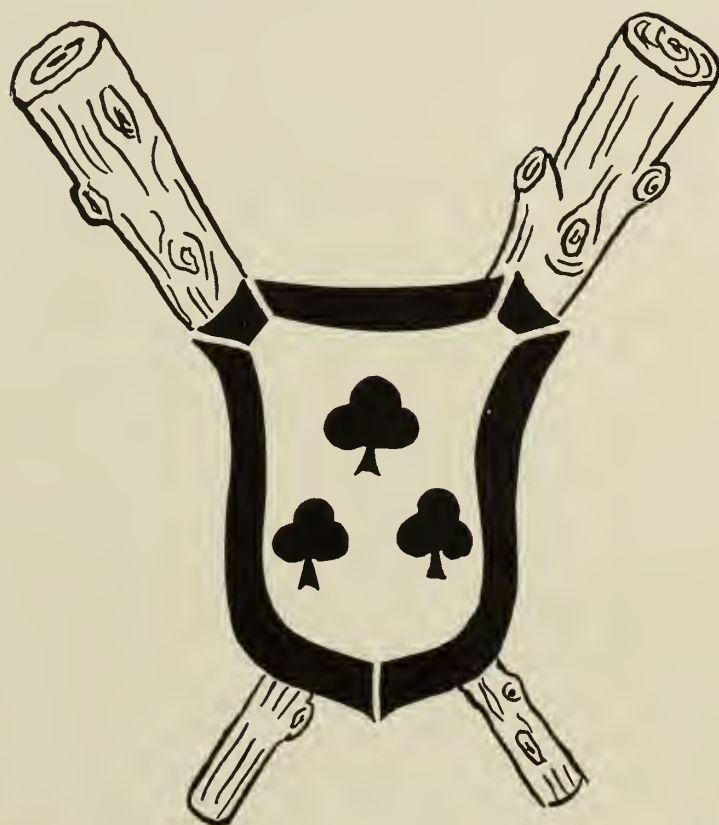
Dignity & Impudence



Sewed-ents



Darwin was right



**CLUBS**



HELEN MACKNIGHT, Pres.  
MILDRED BUCK, Sec'y

HOWARD PAGE, Vice-Pres.  
EDNA BROWN, Treas.

## The 1927 Chameleon



The World War ended with a bang—and the Spanish Club was organized! Two momentous events! In all seriousness, however, the latter occurrence has meant much more to Belmont High than many appreciate.

In late years, the standards of El Circulo Espanol have become somewhat lowered, so at present a Reform Committee is laboring to put through certain motions which will restore to the club its former platform of high scholastic standing. The original intention of El Circulo was to bring the Mother Country, Spain, and her offsprings, the countries of South and Central America, closer together in the minds of those students who were studying their common tongue. It was also intended that the student body of Belmont High should become better acquainted with the countries of Latin America; for the club allowed all to share its benefits. All of those who have had the good fortune to come in contact with the organization will agree that, to a certain degree, we have accomplished these purposes.

This year, under the able guidance of Helen MacKnight and our Maestra, aided and abetted by the lesser lights, Howard Page, Edna Brown, and Mildred Buck, we have had a most successful year. We have participated in two theatre parties, and we are still resting on the laurels won last year by the presentation of *"Bobby Takes a Look."*

Watch the *Citizen* and the *Red and Blue* next season for detailed accounts of the merry, energetic activities of EL CIRCULO ESPANOL!

HOWARD PAGE.



Belmont High School



MARGARET CURRIER, Pres.  
MARGARET WHEELER, Sec'y

HOWLAND DUDLEY, Vice-Pres.  
HOWARD PAGE, Treas.

## The 1927 Chameleon



Continuing the work so auspiciously begun last year, Le Cercle Francais this year as a first step selected the officers: President, Margaret Currier; Vice-President, Howland Dudley; Secretary, Margaret Wheeler; Treasurer, Howard Page. With this group of capable executives, the club has progressed rapidly and has instituted a firmer foundation for future efforts. William Small was re-elected to the office of Publicity Agent—both for the Pelmont Citizen and for the Red and Blue.

This year the Club members blossomed forth in pins, which some people in their ignorance compared to the Boy Scout Pin; so to correct this erroneous impression, we insert this statement that we are not affiliated in any way with that organization.

Our members will not soon forget the theatre party which proved so successful that it is likely to become a permanent fixture in the Club's calendar.

"The Tale of Two Cities", an entertaining cinema adopted from Dicken's famous novel, was the feature at the French Club performance given at the High School. The profit realized served to remedy the deflated condition of the Club treasury.

At the meetings, various entertainments (all of an excellent nature) have been presented and refreshments have found a place in the program. To speak of the appreciation we have for the services of Mlle. Paquin, Miss Cove and the talented members of our Club would be superfluous, but we take this opportunity to express our thanks.

Ye followers of the club, continue your support. In the future, you may expect even better things from us.

WILLIAM SMALL.

Belmont High School



MARIAN MACLEAN, Pres.  
MARY BARTLETT, Sec'y

ROSELYN CHUTE, Vice-Pres.  
OLIVE DENNETT, Treas.



## The Belmontians

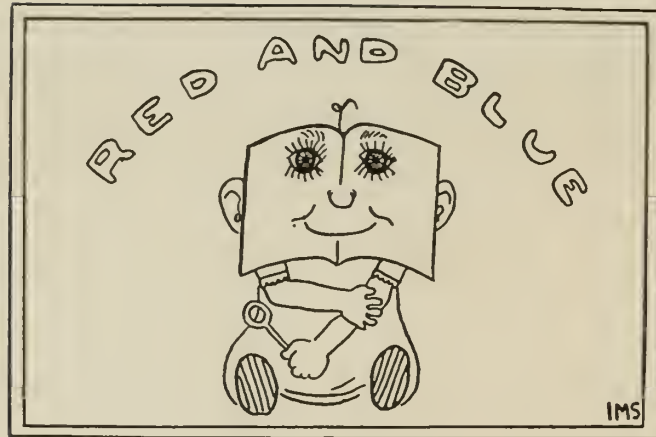
Once again the Belmontians, with the aid of our adviser and friend, Miss Miller, have completed a successful year under the guidance of President Marian MacLean and her sub-officers: Roselyn Chute, Vice-President; Mary Partlett, Secretary; and Olive Dennett, Treasurer.

Our activities during the year have been varied and interesting. Phyllis Hinchliffe, chairman of the Program Committee, has furnished delightful entertainments for our monthly meetings. Miss Frances Knapp of Wellesley College and Mrs. Carl Schraeder addressed us, and Filenes kindly furnished the gowns for two highly pleasing fashion shows. Then, too, we must not forget the amusing entertainments furnished by our own talent: the group of plays, the living magazine, and that birthday meeting! and, too, the music and refreshments which added to our enjoyable afternoons. The Belmontians have widened the cope of outside activities this year to include a bridge party, tea, food sale, and the highly successful play given in May.

We consider as the most important and long-enduring achievement of the year, the establishment of the Mary Lee Burbank Scholarship Fund. In appreciation of her devoted and self-sacrificing services of so many years for the betterment of Belmont, we take this means of expressing our humble thanks. We hope, we know, our successors will carry on the work, and send the name of Mary Lee Burbank, together with that of the Belmontians, ringing down through the years to come.

JANE E. WOODS  
ALICE WESTLUND





After several fruitless attempts in former years to establish a high school paper, it remained to the illustrious Class of 1927, aided by the under-graduates to accomplish the task. The result is the "Red and Blue", issued monthly under the direction of Mr. Gifford and Mr. Mosher.

Mr. Gifford, the Faculty Adviser, has given unsparingly of his time to the interests of our paper. Due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Mosher, under whose able direction this paper is printed, every edition has presented a most attractive appearance. It is superfluous to say that without the constant services of these two members of the faculty, the "Red and Blue" could not have been the success that it is.

The staff is made up of the following students: K. MacKinnon, Editor-in-Chief; N. Pearson, Assistant Editor; E. Gazan, Business Manager; J. Schereschewsky, Assistant Business Manager; J. Harrison, Senior Reporter; G. Hanley, Junior Reporter; R. Palmer, Sophomore Reporter; B. Hooper, Freshman Reporter; A. Flaherty, Jokes; H. Page, Puzzle Editor; A. Westlund, Belmontians; E. Westcott, Spanish Club; W. Small, French Club; F. Baldau, Boys' Athletics, and M. Bartlett, Girls' Athletics.

It is the earnest wish of all Seniors who have worked for the paper this year that their labor will be rewarded by the successful continuance of the "Red and Blue" in the years to come.

KAYE MacKINNON.



As in former years, the High School Orchestra again proved its efficiency. The membership is somewhat smaller than heretofore, the graduation of 1926 having taken eleven, but under the leadership of Mr. Stone, the group has carried on very well.

Eleven alumni joined the orchestra when it played for the Teachers' Convention in last October. The organization is grateful for the valuable assistance rendered at various times during the year by Howard Sayles, Pietro Bruno, Raymond Ingraham and Willard Brigham.

The orchestra played the usual Christmas music at each of the public schools in Town.

The orchestra might well be called the "Between-the-Act Orchestra"; not only has the group furnished music at the school performances, plays, patriotic exercises and rallies but also at the entertainments of the Woman's Club. The next task is the operetta, "Little Almond Eyes"; it cannot help but be a success with the capable coaching of Miss Miller and Mr. Stone. The month of May will see the orchestra playing between the acts of the senior drama, "Green Stockings", while June will behold Graduation at which only three members will be forced to bequeath their seats to incoming Freshmen.

LUDOVINE HAMILTON.





## The 1927 Chameleon



### “Little Almond Eyes”

With the setting of a lovely oriental garden in far-off Cathay, the dramatic story of two Chinese lovers was enacted by a cast composed of Juniors and Seniors in the School Assembly Hall on April 29 and 30.

The title role was played by Roselyn Chute, with Brent Curtis, silver-throated tenor, as her beloved Wang-Ho, Captain of the Emperor's Guard. Warren Flanders scored an instantaneous success as His Majesty, the Emperor Ming. In the role of Ping-Po, the Illustrious Master of Ceremonies, Howard Page was one of the big hits of the show. Dorothy Silley, the Prophetess of Pang-Wa, gave the audience many a thrill with her ominous auguries. Doris Rosenberger, as the dainty, sympathetic Miss Lotus-Leaf and Ernest Westcott as the arrogant Lieutenant, Fee-Fo-Fum contributed in no small degree to the operetta by their clever and polished acting. The other members of the cast and chorus deserve much praise for their part in this successful production. Each gave a fine exhibition of skillful, finished action.

Miss Miller, who was in charge of the dramatic part of the production, gave unsparingly of her time and efforts in order to insure its complete success, as did Mr. Stone who trained the large chorus and orchestra. Moreover, this presentation was unique in that every detail, with the exception of a few costumes, was planned and executed by High School talent. The costumes and dancing were under the excellent supervision of Miss Harrison, while Miss Gould, aided by Mr. Olson and Mr. Ketchum, designed and created the alluring, tasteful scenery.

This operetta, the supreme effort in the dramatic annals of the school was rewarded by the appreciation of the townspeople, as evinced in the favorable comments to be heard everywhere. In particular was the poise of the actors heartily applauded. “Little Almond Eyes” was a decided triumph not only from the artistic, but also from the financial point of view. The profit of \$400, which was realized for the Olin Fund, possesses the distinction of being the largest ever raised by Belmont High School students.

#### THE CAST

Wang-Ho ..... Brent Curtis  
Emperor Ming ..... Warren Flanders  
Ping-Po ..... Howard Page  
Fee-Fo-Fum ..... Ernest Westcott  
Chief Bonze ..... David Stackhouse  
Little Almond Eyes ..... Roselyn Chute

Miss Lotus Leaf ..... Doris Rosenberger  
Dooma the Prophetess ..... Dorothy Silley  
Miss Tip-Toe ..... Phyllis Hinchliffe  
Miss Lady-Slipper ..... Kaye MacKinnon  
Miss Jasmine-Bud ..... Marian McLean  
Miss Deer-Foot ..... Eugenia Abbott



Green



Kaye Macdonald - Faylis



Leonard Gibby - Col. Smith



Helen Spry - Selig

Stockings



Paul Walker - Tarver



Frank Baldu - Faraday



Mr. Carl Scranton, -- Enach



Alice Westlund - Hunt



Richard Ford - Raleigh



Kenneth Ray - Grice



Howard Dyer - Selig



Margaret Foley - Hunt

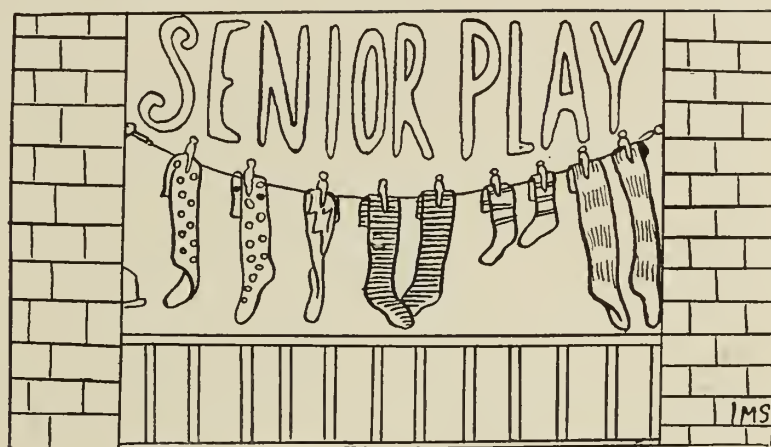


Dorothy Selig - Selig



Edmund Skiff - Martin

## The 1927 Chameleon



### GREEN STOCKINGS

After due discussion, the Seniors decided to add another item to their long and varied program of activities during this last year at Belmont. A committee, consisting of Kenneth Parker, chairman, Stuart Miller, George Panartos, Doris Tighe and Phyllis Crocker, finally decided upon the play, "Green Stockings", a lively comedy, the scenes of which are laid in England.

Mr. Carl Scranton, who was engaged as coach, ably guided the following cast:

|                                                             |                |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Madge (Mrs. Rockingham).....                                | Margaret Foley |
| Evelyn (Lady Trenchard).....                                | Dorothy Silley |
| Aunt Ida.....                                               | Alice Westlund |
| Martin (the butler).....                                    | Edmund Keville |
| Phyllis, engaged to Tarver.....                             | Kaye MacKinnon |
| Robert Tarver.....                                          | Paul Walker    |
| Raleigh.....                                                | Richard Ford   |
| Faraday, father of Madge, Evelyn, Celia<br>and Phyllis..... | Frank Baldau   |
| Admiral Grice (retired).....                                | Kenneth Nay    |
| Steele.....                                                 | Howland Dudley |
| Celia Faraday.....                                          | Helen Suttill  |
| Colonel Smith.....                                          | Leonard Libbey |

The title of this humorous piece is derived from the old English custom which obliges an older sister to wear green stockings at the marriage of a younger sister should the latter's nuptials take place before the former's. The plot is based on the consequences of a thoughtless girlish prank of Celia's; with Tarver's hectic political campaign as a companion theme.

As a result of earnest, hearty cooperation on the part of coach, cast and committee, the play proved a decided success and was well received by a large and appreciative audience. Each character played his role in a convincing skillful manner which aroused no little favorable comments from all sides.

KENNETH PARKER, '27.



## The Garden of My Heart

JANE E. WOODS

It is dawn  
In the garden of my heart.  
The rising sun  
Sips the fragrance of the pearly dew.  
The tender buds,  
Each fragile petal curled with sheen of  
Silver over all,  
Lifts its little head, and opes its eyes to smile  
In gentle hope  
Of future radiance born to bless the world.

I am the keeper  
Of this garden of my heart;  
It is mine  
To guard, to weed, to cultivate;  
My work is done  
When this, the garden of my heart,  
Is fit for God.

## Through the Woods

One day my wandering steps carried me to a break in the forest. Down the straight path I went. Tall pines on either side swept the sky with their mighty arms. Before me lay a lake, bluer than the sky reflected on its surface. But my eyes passed quickly over this; for high in the distance loomed a mountain peak, white and radiant. My breath caught as I cried:

“To stand on that mountain top would be to have the vision of the world.”

Smooth white roads led from one lake to the pleasant village beyond, but I passed them by, one by one; for I sought the mountain's summit.

None but a white-haired old man could show me the trail, and he pointed with wavering finger to a twisted grass-grown path. Deserted and lonely was the way, and often hard to find. I could not say how far I wandered before that night, when, without food, worn out and exhausted, I spied the distant light of one lone cabin. I never knew to whom I owed the shelter, which saved not only my quest, but my life as well. When I inquired, his answer came deep with infinite kindness:

“I am called ‘the friend at the side of the road.’ My home is small and lowly, but few are the travellers that pass me by and many the tales I know.”

“Ah! Perhaps you can tell of the mountain peak that glows and glistens and beckons!” sprang from my eager lips.

The benevolent features were shadowed by a look of sadness.

“Some call it Opportunity — others, Ambition or Fame. No one ever returns, for the trail is narrow and steep, though it is called the Road of Happiness.”

I stood on the mountain's summit. Behind me, through the haze and the mist, glistened the tiny lake. The majestic pines were as shadows next the sky. I turned—. On every side, far as human eye could see, stretched mountain ranges with peaks that glowed—and glistened—and beckoned. But smooth lay the roadway now. Like a path of gold, The Trail of Service led on—ever on.

K. S.



## A Very True Story

"Well, Socrates, you'd better be selecting your funeral wreath. You'll probably need it in about twenty minutes, because we (a casual gesture toward the high heavens in general) are going to take a little spin up there."

The speaker was my Dad, and the person sarcastically referred to as Socrates was myself. The place was the Thousand Island, situated, as you know, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and the attending circumstances were that Dad was feeling in a revengeful mood. "It seems to me," he continued, "that you've been trying to upset my nervous system ever since we left Belmont, with your habitually reckless driving, and now (here he gloated) I'm going to give you a dose of your own medicine."

"What a disposition," I murmured.

Meanwhile we walked over to the waiting hydroplane, Dad in advance and I closely following, trying unsuccessfully to appear nonchalant. We entered the plane, and the pilot started to strap me in. I reminded him in an unnecessarily loud voice that he'd better attend to the "old man" (Dad hates that) as I could hear his teeth rattling from fright.

The engine started with a deafening roar, drowning out Dad's cheerful humming of Chopin's "Funeral March". We skimmed along the top of the smooth waters of the St. Lawrence, gaining speed every second, then slowly and gradually we soared above the dear old terra firma. The first sensation was that of driving in an extremely easy automobile, so I experienced no such thrill as I had expected. We flew in huge circles until we reached an altitude of two thousand feet. Just as we attained the highest point of our flight, the engine suddenly started to sputter. Dad patted me on the shoulder and indicated that my corpse would be brought back to Belmont. Evidently he had remarkable faith in the tenacity of his own life. However, to the great relief of one of the passengers in the plane, the ailing engine picked up speed, and we were soon traveling at even a greater rate than before. Dad indicated that if he should drop me overboard, I would make quite a splash on the placid waters of the St. Lawrence. The pilot now turned the plane toward the original starting place and in an incredibly short time we were once more on the precious terra firma.

"Amusing old tub, wasn't it, Dad?" I remarked innocently, as we walked to the car.

LEONARD LIBBEY.

## War

Lord, who art friend to us all,  
What is the cause of this strife?  
How did these quarrels arise?  
Why must we pay with our life?

Jealousies, petty and small?  
Pride that all compromise bars,  
War-Lords who hesitate not  
To sacrifice men to stern Mars?

We, the sad settlement pay;  
Innocent lives must atone  
Wrongs that are based upon pride,  
Wrongs to a despotic throne.

Boys in the freshness of youth,  
Men in the prime of their days,  
March at a selfish command  
Up to the War-God, who slays.

"Forward," Again to the charge!  
Honor, and glory, and fame!  
Fools! Can these bring back the dead?  
What is the worth of a *name*?

Mothers have given their sons;  
Children their fathers have lost;  
Poverty comes on us all—  
*Think!* Does the gain match the cost?

These are the "glories" of War!  
When are these horrors to cease?  
Lord, if thy children thou love,  
Grant us perpetual peace!

PAUL WALKER.

## William

Come, William the Conqueror! come William Shakespeare! William of Orange! William Wordsworth! Come Williams, one and all! At last, after years of painstaking effort and careful research, we have, by delving into the antiquated annals of countless countries, discovered the probable etymology of that peerless name—William.

In the bygone ages, it became necessary to name a baby—to be specific, a boy. As he was the latest of an astonishingly numerous family, the traditional run of appellations had been exhausted, whereat his parents were much perplexed to devise a suitable cognomen. This state of affairs continued two years and still the child remained unnamed. Finally, the matter became so incompatible to the peace of the family, that it was felt necessary for something to be done to meet this peculiar exigency. Convening to ponder over this urgent matter, the family conclave, following some discussion, decided to give the boy a descriptive name.

He had grown a negligible amount in the past year, so the query on the lips of the whole family was, "Will he grow? Will he grow? Will he?" Everyone seemed to have a one-track mind; the one question, iterated and reiterated, was, "Will he grow? Will he? *Will he?*" At last, inspiration came to an uncle. Why not call the child "Will-he" since such were the words used when he was spoken of? The suggestion seemed commendable, but some of the family objected on the grounds that the name was too effeminate. Controversy ensued. The name was likely to be discarded, but its advocates clung to it because of its euphony. Finally, a compromise was affected: it was decided to keep the first part, i.e. "Will" and to add some suitable suffix. But what should that suffix be? Again disagreement was rampant. Many suggestions were advanced, but none were thought appropriate. Eventually, it was decided to leave the choice to the boy, himself. Whatever he said first was to be the sought-for syllable.

The child was produced. The family assembled around the common fire. The boy was brought into the flickering firelight. Everyone waited expectantly; that is everyone except the innocent cause of all the trouble. He moved his head around slowly, as if conscious that he was the cynosure of all eyes, until he was attracted towards the pot of boiling stew on a tripod arrangement over the fire. He sniffed the delectable aroma. His eyes sparkled. He smacked his lips, and—breaking the deep, dead silence, expressed his satisfaction with an emphatic "Yum". A tremendous shout arose from the fireside. Lifting their voices into the night air, the assembly yelled, "Will-yum, Will-yum, Will-yum!"

Thus was a little child in that remot era named. His name has endured and come down to us through the ages, modified, through slow stages, from the archaic spelling of Will-yum, until it has attained the perfection it enjoys today, WILLIAM.

WILLIAM N. SMALL.

## The Death of My Dog

*By* BLANCHE E. MAHER

Joyfully he leaped ahead, his magnificent coat gleaming in the sun like burnished copper, every muscle in that splendid body full of the lithe strength and symmetry which characterizes the thoroughbred. Passing motor cars loomed up in front of him as horrible monsters, but his was no fearful heart; with a gay, challenging bark and one mighty bound, he gained the street, where—crash: the rhythm of healthy young life was transformed into wracking pain and anguish. His gallant spirit flinched not as we carried him home, and administered to his wants as much as possible. As we stood helplessly by, watching that brave life flicker out, there came such a look into his eyes as no man may describe. Anyone who has seen the expression in a dying dog's eyes will never forget it; it is so human as to be startling. He quivered for the last time and was still.

Is this, then, all? Can such a spirit, which is capable of the most devoted love and loyalty, of deathless courage and constancy, sink into nothingness? The dog is one of the most unselfish friends a man can have; when all others turn against him, his dog stands by him, guarding him in danger and loving him at all times. If the dog has not a soul, it has Something which corresponds to the soul in man.



## The Sea

*By* OLIVE DENNETT

Does the sea mean anything to you? For some I know, it holds a fear of unknown things; remembrances of horror, perhaps connected with dear ones.

But to me it is a pacifier; it soothes me as the old-fashioned cradle soothed the babe. Just to recline in a steamer chair on the broad deck of an Ocean Liner, or to lie on the narrow deck of a sloop, with the rosy sun smiling down on my uplifted face, and the merry little breezes (in the language of Mother West Wind) playing about my hair, and to dream of the "days of old when knights were bold" is my idea of bliss. Or leaning over the deck in the bright moonlight, don't you love to watch the water sparkle? It looks to the imaginative eye like myriads of little diamonds in bathing. Then watching the moon you can almost imagine yourself tripping lightly across its silvery path.

Look at the stars—don't they seem to be winking merrily at you? They do at me, I know, for you see we have a secret, the stars and I. Ah! There is a



storm brewing—the moon and stars fade into nothingness; the wind is rising—rising. How it blows! I rush up to the bow of the boat. The waves are growing larger and higher—that one came over and hit me squarely in the face. I cling more tightly while the wind whips my skirts close about me. I am already soaked to the skin—still I hold fast.

Oh, but it is gloriously exciting and my heart throbs as if it would like to escape from its cage.

I am sure one of my ancestors must have been a sailor, for the love of the sea certainly flows thru my veins. In all its moods, it thrills me thru and thru. Romantic? Maybe.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be,  
With the blue above and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go."



## Fragments

If I could write my thoughts  
And tell just what I felt  
When looking down  
Upon God's earth, so fair,  
From some high peak,  
Set far above,—I'd think  
That I possessed a poet's soul.

D. RIDER.

Stark against the twilight sky  
Is painted the quivering crimson sail,  
Of a brave young fisherman's tiny boat  
Drowsily riding at anchor.

K. MacKINNON

As strolling along through the woods I go,  
The woods that are open to me,  
So great is my joy that I hardly know  
How heaven could lovelier be.

L. LIBBEY

The 1927 Chameleon

FRAGMENTS—*Continued*

I'll steer my ship of life  
Straight through the buffeting waves;  
Nor sink beneath the rougher ones,  
That slash its sides some day.  
But straight on over the waves I'll skim  
Braving the calms and storms alike;  
Until at last, the peaceful harbor  
Of my dreams I sight.

G. MAGUIRE.

Through Memory's golden store,  
Like winged birds of flight,  
My thoughts pass quickly o'er  
The moments treasured there,  
With strange yet sweet delight.

Dear faces of the past,  
Fleeting joys and sorrows,  
In fancy still they last,  
To brighten all my dreams,  
And glad'n dull tomorrows.

K. S.

Isn't it funny?  
Isn't it queer?  
How we all shiver  
When report cards appear.

E. ANDERSON.

MY COUNTRY

The old world and her glory  
Her statesmen, poets, kings,  
Her deeds grown old in story  
All! All! in thy sight take wings,  
My dear, my own country.

B. MAHER.

## With All Due Apologies

By JANE E. WOODS

"*What* an assignment!" I glared at my little notebook. "Write a theme on some subject about which you have thought deeply." It had sounded so easy and matter-of-fact in the classroom—but now! A glance at my watch told me it was eleven-thirty, and a deep yawn told me I should go to bed very-very soon. "Oh, dear, may be I should have done more thinking when I was younger; I haven't time for anything like that at this unearthly hour". Mechanically I reached for my apple and took a large, satisfying bite. I looked more intently at that apple. "Happy thought! I might write about *it*! But—but what can I say? It's round, and—red, and—awfully good, and—that's all! Oh, dear!" I looked out of the window at the outlines of the cherry trees. "Oh, if only it were summer, I could climb out of the window upon the roof and get some cherries. Oh, I might write about *cherries*! But—but what can I say? They're round, and—red, and—awfully good, and—that's all! Oh dear!"

At that moment, beside me (I know not whence or how he came) stood an apparition — a young man, with robe of flowing white, and large, beautiful, snow-white wings. The whole room was radiant with his presence.

"Who are you?" I asked. He gazed down at me, soberly, searchingly, with eyes that seemed a part of heaven itself. "An angel?" I added reverently.

A smile—a laugh, two pretty dimples and a devilish little twinkle—and I knew he was no angel.

"I," he said, in a clear, resonant tone, "am Mercury, the Messenger of the gods."

I regarded him closely. "But," I objected, "you don't look like Mercury! He has no large wings on his shoulders, but little winglets fastened on the side of his helmet and his sandals. Your feet are bare, and your head uncovered; and where is your staff, with the writhing serpents?"

Again I heard that elfish laugh. "More mistaken ideas of erring mortals!" he exclaimed. "That's just why I am here!"

"Why?" I asked, curiosity gaining over amazement.

"To take you to the moon."

"To the moon? Why?"

"To show you what it really is! Alas! Those text-books, and those would-be wise educators! All those crazy ideas drilled into the heads of you poor, deluded youngsters! It's a shame! It may be against principles, but I can't stand this illusionment any longer, and I'm going to show you tonight! Let's start!"

"But wait!" I cried. "An eminent astronomer from the Harvard astronomical observatories told us in a recent lecture that it is two-hundred-fifty thousand miles to that moon, and I have to go to school tomorrow!"

## The 1927 Chameleon

"*More bosh!*" he cried. "As a matter of fact it's less than a hundred miles and I came make that in about half an hour. Come on!"

"All right," I agreed.

He picked me up in his arms, and we passed out, over the back lots, up, up, sailing ever higher and higher until earth's last twinkle disappeared, and all below was darkness. So fast we flew, that it quite took my breath away, and I could not ask the many questions which weighed heavily upon my mind.

"Here we are!"

I turned to look. Mercury was flying slowly just above a convex surface of bright, hammered brass. It had been made by the hammer of Jove, he said, and that was why the dents were so large and so deep. "And just think," he growled, "those scientists tell you they are craters!"

Suddenly we came upon a division; on one side the brass shone brilliantly; on the other, it was tarnished to a dull black. An aged man in a once-white toga was down on his knees, his gray beard trailing, working very hard with a scrubbing brush and a bucket full of brass polish. "That," said Mercury, "is Virgil."

"What is he doing? and why?" I asked.

"First, look here, and then I'll tell you." He moved toward the other side of the moon! I was about to see what never before had mortal vision gazed upon! My heart jumped, almost stopped. Then—dire disappointment.—Only a black, hollow interior, and an allpervading smell of soapsuds! "This," said Mercury, "is the wash basin of the gods. Once a month the bowl is filled with rain water and soap-suds from the milky way. The water which slops over tarnishes the bowl, and (in disgust) mortals call it a monthly eclipse! Then comes the cleaning of the moon-bowl; for it must be bright and shining for the next month. This job is done by the various mathematicians, poets, authors, playwrights, philosophes, scientists, historians, and the like, men who have left nothing to the world except a lot of excruciating work with which to over-burden poor little school children."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "what a perfectly splendid idea! They certainly do deserve some sort of punishment."

"It is this periodic cleaning which makes your quarter, half, and full moon."

"Oh," I said, "how interesting." With a feeling of satisfied revenge, I looked at Virgil. The old man bent to his task his frail form convulsed, his feeble hand shaking. Once he stopped work and looked up at me. Such a look of abject misery I hope never again to see on mortal mein. Such agony and remorse, mingled, as it was, with bitter tears, would, and did, serve to melt the hardest human heart. A feeling of pity surged through me. "Oh," I cried, "the poor, poor man!"

"He has only two more turns; they serve seven months each. You may be interested to know that after Virgil comes Pythagoras, then Shakespeare."

I wasn't especially interested, but I was glad to know that stronger, more capable men were soon to replace the poor old fellow.

"Well," said Mercury, "that is all. You see, this moon isn't half such a



complicated mystery as it is made out to be." You, he added, "are to reveal the truth to the World." I nodded solemnly.

"And now you must go back to the earth. I'm sorry that I haven't time to go with you, but here is one of Venus' doves, which will bear you home safely. Get on his back."

I took a step—I slipped—and—oh horrors! I fell off the edge of the moon! Down—down—I fell, through sickening space. Would it never end? Down—down—down—; a light appeared far below. On down—down—down, I sank, dizzy, sick,—until—with a hard bump, I landed in my chair.

"Oh, yes, I was writing an English theme; and, oh, yes, I have to translate some Virgil. Well, I'll get up and do them in the morning—maybe."



## A Valentine Story

Twilight in the City of the Tiber—the sky is mother-o'-pearl and ashes of roses—a lone star, a diamond point of light, flashes and gleams—now purple shadows caress the ancient walls. It is the eve of St. Valentine's.

Gayly clad Romans gather around the shops and stalls; bronzed slaves pass to and fro; and at the sparkling fountains, which throw their graceful sprays into the soft night air, the young men and maidens of Rome gather to observe the custom which was passed down to them through the years.

Laughing with the care-free, lighted-hearted gaiety of youth, and speculating much on the outcome, they wrote their names on slips of paper and put them into a large common receptacle. Hovering on the edge of the crowd, stood Burbo, whose hold on life was so frail that he already seemed to belong to the spiritual world. With many inward misgivings and half-stifled hopes, he slowly made his way toward the box to drop in his slip of paper.

Shortly afterward, when, amidst much excitement and flurry, each person was drawing a name from the box, a sudden commotion stirred the group. For Charmion, the lovely daughter of the Greek scholar, Diomede, stood transfixed with amazement, staring at the name which she had drawn—Burbo, Burbo the deformed hunchback. A little ripple of amusement ran through the crowd. There were some sneers and unkind remarks. According to the time-honored tradition, Charmion, the beautiful, would be the valentine of the cripple and Burbo was bound to her service for a year.

A moment's hesitation, then the fair-haired, graceful girl walked decisively towards the poor creature. She laid a soft, white hand on his pain-racked shoulder and smiled gently. To Burbo it was the smile of a divine being. His

## The 1927 Chameleon

very soul looked out through the dark eyes in the twisted face that he turned to her—to Charmion, his lady. He gazed adoringly at her, the one whom, for years, he had adored from afar. Then, his heart so full of happiness that it seemed to be bursting, he turned and fled. Charmion, understanding, returned to her comrades.

That night, while the grey old city lay hushed in a deep sleep, the soul of the poor little hunchback, who had known but one hour of pure joy in his miserable, earthly existence, passed into eternal happiness and peace.

KAYE MacKINNON.



## The Saddest Song Ever Sung

Practically all insects and creeping, crawling creatures fill me with aversion but the chief offender of all is the tiny mosquito. It is not to his appearance that I object, for he is far more handsome than the grasshopper, but to his song.

Many a summer's night have I gone to bed meditating on sweet and peaceful subjects. Suddenly, out of the silent darkness, come a faint elongated hum-m-m. My placid frame of mind vanishes; intense agitation fills my heart, for well I know what a struggle is before me. Frantically I wave my arms about in a wild attempt to strike my aggressor, but all in vain. His song increases and fills me with horror; it is such a greedy, bloodthirsty song. I spring out of bed, turn on the light and gaze about for my enemy. Ah! There he is sitting on the wall, his wicked eyes twinkling with glee. Procuring the fly swatter I advance cautiously, take aim, and swat. I miss. With a hum of joy he sails gaily to the opposite wall. Incensed with fury I again charge and madly hurl the swatter at the despicable creature. I am successful. The enemy falls dead.

Joyfully I jump into bed and drift serenely into slumber. Ouch! A jab into my arm awakens me. With his hateful song another mosquito encircles my weary head. And so the battle wages far, far into the night.

EDITH CARLSON.

## The Tongue

*By* HELEN SUTTILL

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,  
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"  
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,  
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead,  
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"  
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,  
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung  
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole:  
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."



## Solitude

Solitude, in reasonable measure, is good for the soul; but there are many who have too much of it. The working-out of the law that "to him that hath shall be given" finds no better illustration than in the apportionment of solitude. To the active, confident, successful person it is a condition so abnormal as to require a special effort in order to attain it; yet persons who have what psychologists are now accustomed to term an "inferiority complex" have to make an even harder effort in order to escape from the solitary habit of mind and soul that is the out-growth of their diffidence and consciousness of failure. They are solitary

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even when in the companionship of others—overborn by the idea that they are not sufficiently individual to make a definite and interesting impression.

Since solitude has invariably a chastening influence on the mind, it is bad for people who are already too heavily chastened by the circumstances of life. For the same reason, it is good for people who are too self-confident, too well satisfied with their affairs and with their relation to the world.

Sometimes people who are ostensibly desirous of solitude, find that they cannot endure it. They seek escape from it in the books and in music, or in chance companions. Books, music and companions all have an honorable and useful part in our lives; but a solitude, in which there is nothing to distract the mind from meditation, has something to offer that those, who are so instantly off-sighted by it, can never enjoy. It is in solitude that creative thought has its birth. In solitude, also, the spiritual nature of man has its most complete development. Even if our lives have to be concerned most of the time with material things, even if power for creative thought does not seem to be one of our native endowments, withdrawing occasionally into solitude, is likely to make us more perceptive of the spiritual values of life.

KENNETH PARKER.



## Cleopatra

Cleopatra! Why ever did I name that cat Cleopatra! When I first saw her, she was a puffy grey kitten, with a trace of proud dignity that probably inspired my evil genius to call her after that superbly beautiful, yet cruelly frigid Queen of Egypt. Alas! Who could have foreseen the results! Who could have predicted that that little grey and white puff of fur should change so utterly in temperament. Yes, "Cleo" is temperamental—if ever was cat or spoiled woman. She toys lightly, now luring, now repulsing the hearts she enthralls with her beauty, her grace. Carefree as the butterfly, she sips the nectar of life. To see her gracefully reclining upon the best upholstery, or posing alertly on the window sill, is a joy one well wishes might be reproduced by an artist's brush. She plays daintily and sprightly as Cleopatra might; she eats fastidiously; and she sleeps luxuriously; in fact, she is all one could wish in concentrated loveliness. Yet I am not satisfied; for she is cold, she knows no affection—in place of her heart, I imagine, is a cube of ice. She will not submit to petting; she looks upon such display of emotion with a mixture of superior reproach and disgust.

I have learned my lesson. Never again will I name a feline Cleopatra. The power of suggestion is too great. Never again shall I attempt originality in this respect. I promise that henceforth I will be content with such conventional cognomens as Puff and Fluff.

MILDRED BUCK.



## Candlesticks

A pair of cheery sentinels. "Sturdy and staunch they stand, each in the same old place." Never will they let harm befall the tarnished gold of the old-fashioned clock on the mantel between them; the steady hands of that beloved time-piece would shake with fear, should they lose their upstanding *senses* of security. And no doubt the whispering lovers, who adorn the top of the clock, would feel abashed if their faithful guards were not stationed to ward off intruders. Ah, they are invaluable—these shining pickets. And they are human, too. How their pink and silvered wax minds must anticipate that joyful and exciting moment when their white top-knots will be ignited to a golden flame. True, it will diminish their lofty and far-seeing altitudes somewhat, but what of that? They will be giving light and service—the aim of longevity.

JEAN KELSO.



## A Vision

I stood on the shore of a lonely lake,  
And a vision met my eye,  
A vision, glorious to see,  
Of setting sun and sky.

A fiery orb sank leisurely  
Over the mountain green  
And burnished on the waters,  
A glittering, golden gleam.

Across the sky tread creatures bold,  
Clad in white and rose;  
Sheep there were and dragons, too,  
All in dullest gold.

They too passed o'er the mountain  
To follow the sun in his train,  
Leaving me in calmest night  
Waiting for day again.

ELEANOR PARKER.

## The Painted Hosts

A light! a light! was the ringing shout that electrified the expectant sailors on board the little Nina, as she plowed, with unfurled sails, toward the welcome shores of the "promised land", on that memorable day in October, 1492. As the "white gods" stepped ashore in the strange country, the first objects to greet their eyes were peculiarly complexioned men, hideously discolored—many clashing colors uniting in their grotesque appearance. After an investigation, hindered by the averseness of the so-called "Indians" to social contact with the trespassing whites, it was discovered that these peculiar people had purposely smeared their copper-tinted visages with paint. Alas, civilization had not spread its enlightening influence into this part of the world, and these savages had taken, as the ideal facial attirement, such barbaric splendor as paint could afford.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four hundred and thirty-five years later, a re-incarnated Columbus stepped blithely down the gang-plank of the "Leviathan", and entered without apprehension (probably due to ignorance) the metropolis, New York.

"Ahhh! it does my old heart good to see dear old America again. A few centuries certainly work wonders."

With shining eyes drinking in all about him as he rode down Fifth Ave. in a speeding cab, "Chris" allowed a deep sigh to creep between his smiling lips. As he stepped from the taxi and entered the palatial hotel, he was heard to murmur:

"What a transformation! Oh for some familiar sight to recall old times! Where are the deeply carpeted forests? the melodious choirs of the ethereal tenants of the leafy boughs?—and where are the "Painted Hosts" that confronted me when first I stepped foot on these shores?"

"Gone—gone—gone."

The words were left hanging in mid-air as his searching gaze encountered a bevy of "Broadway beauties." Rapidly he blinked—but the apparition still remained. Hesitatingly he walked closer. After circling the group three or four times, the stranger emitted an exultant cry of joy, and rushed with outstretched arms toward the knot of females. A piercing shriek, peculiar to the feminine sex, arrested his progress; but not for an instant did his gaze stray from those who had aroused his agitation. Certainly he could not be mistaken. There before his very eyes stood the "Painted Hosts". Only the most incredulous could doubt the reality of the aspect—"blackened brows and under-lids, pink and white cheeks (the drug-store variety), ruby-red lips on a background of floury pallor, the whole in a frame of peroxide yellow,"—and the backs of their necks—horrors on horrors!—each was scalped halfway up the back of her head, and the bristly new sprouts had acquired the appearance of a cactus plant. As

a climax, each had a pendulum swinging freely from her lobulous side-intelligencers—presumably a barbarous method of telling time.

As Columbus was led from the hotel lobby into the waiting “Black Maria”, he viewed with apprehension the “Painted Hosts”, who followed curiously at his heels. Suddenly he clasped his hand on his hatless head lest some over-zealous savage might unknowingly steal his scalp.

Bewilderment, and resignation to his fate evinced by his pursed lips and furrowed brow, Columbus murmured:

“Where will the march of the ‘Painted Hosts’ find its termination?”

DOUGLAS MORRIS.



## There Are Two Sides to Every Story

We must not be too harsh in our criticism of “conquerors”; for places of dignity and power are often surrounded with temptations and moral dangers from which humble conditions are comparatively safe. The following imaginary conversation between a Mountain and a Valley serves as an illustration.

“It is not always the case”, said the Valley to the Mountain one day, “that elevated situations are the most desirable.”

“If only you could see what I can, you would speak very differently,” answered the Mountain. “Down where you are, grand views are not possible. I am certain that if you could once observe all that is to be seen from my summit, you would grieve forever that you are not as high as I am.”

“Yet if you knew the comfort of my lowly situation, you would never forget its serenity and restfulness”, replied the Valley. “As for fine views, I well know that you are covered with clouds; every storm breaks upon your head; and even now you are topped with snow and ice. No, no, my friend, I have no desire to exchange places. Here am I, sheltered from the rough winds and visited by the bright sunshine; the brooks love me and the beautiful flowers dwell with me. Mountains’ tops are bleak and barren, while Valleys, if low, are serene and pleasant. I should indeed be foolish to covet your elevated position, when so much tranquility and comfort is to be found in the Valley.”

Thus we see that there are advantages to low, as well as high, positions. We should never become as bigoted in our views as the Valley and the Mountain of this fable; but rather should we strive, throughout life to bring ourselves to the realization that the other fellow may be just as right as we are. To insure success in this world, we must be able to “see the other side of the shield.”

HELEN SUTTILL.

## Hope

If at morn' you wake up grumpy,  
And the world looks dull and gray,  
Don't just sit and wish and wish things—  
Get up! Cheer up!  
It's not too late!

If you've wasted precious moments,  
One hasty word you're given  
Don't just sit and think you've sorry—  
Wake up! Speak up!  
It's not too late!

If by night you're tired, weary,  
And have lost all faith in God and men—  
Don't just sit and think Life awful—  
Look up! Brace up!  
It's not too late!

PHYLLIS CROCKER.



## The Prisoner

"Yes, yes, an unpleasant affair, to be sure," ended the Police Commissioner. "But," he added, "law-breakers are law-breakers you know, and they've got to be punished."

Unpleasant! It was tragic to the young man crouching dejectedly in the dingy cell of the state prison! Tragedy was written in every line of his downcast figure as he sat there, still save for the never ceasing movement of his hands.

The nervous clutching fingers revealed the state of the man's mind. Fifteen of the best years of his life to be lost; for fifteen years he was to see nothing but the gray walls of his cell; fifteen deathlike years as a punishment for a crime he did not commit! The man could stand it no longer; he sprang up and strode about the room in desperate agony.

Again the prisoner reviewed the past events which had created such a change in his life. True, he had been found with the money in his possession. His conviction was almost inevitable: he had spoken not a word to clear or con-



vict himself. His silence must have seemed strange at the time of the trial, he mused, but, a pal is a pal.

Oh, the helplessness of it all! Was the suffering to be endured, worth the sacrifice? Fifteen years—fifteen years—the words drummed upon his brain. Was it right that one man should give up so much for another? Fifteen years. Every man's life is his own. Why should he give up his for a friend? In a frency, he jumped from the bed, rushed to the bars, and shouted for the warden. "I won't stand it," he called, as he beat upon the iron, "I won't—"; but there were the footsteps—the warden was coming. At least he could unburden his mind and give vent to his pent up emotions! He would! But it was not the warden.

As he looked up, the prisoner gazed into the eyes of his pal; a great horror filled him as he saw their shallowness. His pal was a coward, a thief; he was afraid, afraid to be punished for his own wrong deeds. Even if he was in prison, he reflected, he was more free than his pal who walked through life unshackled. Fifteen years of bodily imprisonment could not be compared with the lifetime of mental anguish his pal would have to endure. Again he gazed into the cowardly eyes before him, and instead of the long-nourished curse of condemnation, a surge of compassion coursed through his veins for this despicable, yet pitiable wretch.

CHARLOTTE CONNOR.



## A Perfect Running Engine

On visiting the automobile show a few weeks ago, I saw on display many wonderful cars, all of which, if the salesmen were to be believed, had perfect running engines. However, none of these can compare with the masterpiece I have in mind. This quaint mechanism consists of two headlights which render objects visible even in the darkest of nights, a fine system of locomotion which enables it to operate with silence and rapidity, a springless body which is always free from squeaks and rattles, and lastly, a set of life-long wearing tires which absorb all bumps without necessitating the installment of extra accessories.

The motor which supplies the power for this unique machine is very quiet and economical; for it uses no gasoline or oil and very little water. It runs when contented; for otherwise it is exceedingly stubborn. You may ask, has this contrivance a horn? The answer is: to herald her coming, she utters her characteristic cry of "meowwww" and by the purr of her perfect running engine, she shows her serene content.

STANLEY PERRY.

## Report Cards

Hello, old top! I heard of your arrival today; consequently I have been very anxious to see just how you look after your long absence. Well, evidently, you are not in the best of condition, but, of course, you show just how you've been fed; not very nutritiously I infer. I think if I could see you more often I could build you up and make you look better, because, after all, you are just what we make you: a big, luminous, sought for friend to some; an annoying, dreaded, source of sorrows to others.

WALTER HINES.



## The Stream of Life

Halfway down the mountain, a little spring darts out;  
It bubbles down a rocky path; it sings and almost shouts;  
And as it travels onward, its banks grow distant 'til  
At last our spring turns brook, its soul desire yet to fill.  
But still our brook is not content—it ripples on and on;  
It starts to leave its mother course, though not to part for long,

As soon it joins with mighty strength  
To make the brook a stream of life.  
The stream soon broader grows, and bursts its little course,  
Until at last a river, it goes rushing on with force.

At length the river widens, and soon it meets the sea;  
The river enters slowly, as though 'twere loathe to leave  
The banks and shores, the days of fun, a life of play and ease  
Which meant a life of fairy froth, just doing as it please.  
And as this little spring its course doth turn to sea,  
So in our lives we pass from birth through maturity.  
While as we older grow, leaving carefree youth behind,  
That life's a rough sea of struggle we are sure to find.  
Some of us breast the tide, and then go riding on,  
While other, fighting bravely, beneath the waters drown.

For 'tis only the strong who conquer, and only the strong who win,  
'Tis only the strong who can breast the tide, and meet the sea with vim!

ELEANOR PARKER.

## The Fountain Pen Family

Have you ever noticed how human fountain-pens can be? They are large and small, stout and thin, strong and delicate, somber and gay. But though they vary in stature and dress, they are, unlike people, very much alike in temperament.

Mine, of medium height and weight, dresses like a little soldier in a black uniform with a golden helmet on his head, and at his side, a slender sword. When he is on duty, he becomes, at frequent intervals, very thirsty. In fact he has to stop work until he is filled up. When in normal health, he is in high spirits and races away over my paper; but, sad to say, he suffers now and then from a leaky heart valve, which is a source of annoyance. He is also not infrequently attacked by the wanderlust, and at such times I am obliged to guard him closely. However, on the whole I am much devoted to my little soldier, and to all his kin of the Fountain-pen Family who have given their services to many a worthy cause.

MARGARET CURRIER.



## The Midnight Visitor

I awoke with the pervading sense that I was not alone. Ordinarily a heavy sleeper, I knew that something unusual must have penetrated my profound slumber. As the family had gone away for the week-end, there could be no one else in the house. With a queer chilly feeling of dread, I arose. It was deathly still, save for the monotonous drip of rain outside. The room was in total darkness and I did not dare to turn on the light for fear that even now, there might be unseen eyes watching me. For interminable minutes I remained motionless—listening. There was not a sound, so, gaining courage, I crept softly across the room, trying unsuccessfully to shake off foolish forboding fear. I closed my windows and the harsh grating sound jarred my irritable nerves. How dreary it was outside. A thin sheet of rain blurred everything to a blackish-grey. The

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tiny pinpoint of a street light glimmered in the distance and, feeling comforted, I returned to my interrupted sleep.

It must have been several hours later before I was again awakened. This time my senses were more acute, and I gained consciousness soon enough to find the sound of a shriek still ringing in my ears. An uncontrollable fear, and the closeness of the room made me feel faint. Then a low moan, as the lament of a mortally wounded person, came from one of the downstairs rooms. I made my way toward it, suffering agonies at each betraying creak of the steps. I reached the first floor petrified in mind and body. Then, quite suddenly the moans stopped but the oppressing, awful stillness which followed was a thousand times more horrible. I tried to cry out—scream—, but could not. As if in answer to my attempt to break the silence, a weird rushing noise, filled the room. My nerves were at the breaking point. The sound continued, ranging from a rasping noise to one that resembled the howling of the wind. Even my aggravated senses were unprepared for such an uncanny sound. Then quite distinctly I heard: "This is station WNAC, signing off at 1:45 A. M. Telecron time. GOOD NIGHT."

LEONARD LIBBEY.



## Springtime

I wandered o'er the hilltops,  
And in the valleys green;  
In the lanes I sauntered,  
And by many a murmuring stream:  
The flowers leaned forth to greet me,  
While the birds sang a welcoming song:  
The sky above me was azure—  
Specked with a fleecy throng;  
And as I meandered onward,  
I thanked God for His gifts bestowed;  
For the world was awakening in Springtime,  
Remade for His children below.

HOWARD PAGE.



## On Clocks

There's the grandfather's clock that stands in the hall. How often I have watched, with solemn wonder, the weekly ceremony of slowly drawing up its great weights. I never pass it by without a reverential feeling of awe.

Then, there's the French clock in the living-room. I have a friendly feeling for that. It doesn't hurry me like the old one-legged kitchen clock, or interrupt, like Dad's alarm; but softly chimes the hour in soft melodious tones.

But there is one species of clock for which I have a deep-rooted sense of enmity. I mention this with all due respect towards the venerable Clock family; for, to tell the truth, I do not believe it can even claim the distinction of belonging to this family. It must be an ill-tempered mongrel. So sure of this have I felt, that I call mine Beelzebub. I refer to that type of clock commonly known as a radium watch, which, in all well-ordered homes, one finds placed at the head of his bed. Such a comfort to wake up in the night and know immediately what time it is. I don't really object to its shining all night if it wants to; but the remarks made the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night have aroused all my most unworthy sentiments.

"But," my practical friend asserts, "a watch doesn't speak." Do you think because it is voiceless, it has no way of expressing its feelings? Not so Beelzebub. How complacently he smiles upon gray mornings, when I wake to find both his hands point to eight, instead of seven and twelve respectively. How stern is his frown after eleven at night. But the worst fault is his disconcerting manner of avoiding the truth; for he can be prevailed upon to perform his duty only by constant care and attention. Shall I ever forget the morning I arrived downstairs an hour early; for having forgotten said attention?

The soothsayer has said, "Revenge is sweet." Once a week I partake of this delight. Every Saturday night, after having ministered to Beelzebub, I turn his face to the wall, and spend the night blissfully unaware of the lack of his luminosity.

K. S.

## I Wonder

My neighbor's dog. A homely, yet beautiful animal of doubtful origin. I would not call him an Airedale; for he is too much like a Scotch Terrier. However it is sufficient to address him as "Patsy"; for to "Patsy" he will answer with cheerful motions of his body, which begin at his head and end at his tail. Our street is his kingdom,—a kingdom he rules with the seeming responsibility of a teacher of forty mischievous children, and with an eye as watchful as that of a traffic policeman. A roaring lion would seem meek compared with "Patsy" when his ire is aroused against some inoffensive delivery boy. However, after deciding that no harm is to be done, he goes back to his perch on the steps with all the dignity and calmness of a judge entering the court-room. As I gaze at his countenance while he is pursuing his vigil, I think of some ancient sage and wonder what are the contemplations within that majestic head.

WILFRED HOOD.



## The Derelict

As it stood starkly etched against the sunset skies, like that famous "specter bark" of song and verse, tossing with groans and sighs upon the waves, I caught my first glimpse of the derelict. Dried, withered, and old it was—with bone-bleached deck and battered keel; its one remaining mast staunchly rearing its proud head to the heavens. As I stared at its vague form, now growing more and more phantom-like in the gathering dusk, horrible tales of storm, shipwreck, and starvation rushed through my mind—until I seemed to hear the lustful, triumphant snarl of the sea, the crash of thunder, and piercingly high and clear, the frightful shriek of some poor wretch as he was swept into the maelstrom. With a shudder, I strained my eyes toward the drifting ship, but night had fallen and it had disappeared from my view forever.

MAE LANGLEY.

## “Stars”

As I rest by the window dreaming,  
And watching the clouds go by,  
I see a faint twinkle, a glimmer,  
And I know that the wind's blowing nigh.

Yes, it's only the wind just a'blowing,  
And sweeping cloud curtains aside,  
Aside for just only a moment,  
And I see where God's golden lamps hide.

BERNADINE M. GRAMMONT.



## The Children's Friend

(HELEN L. WELLINGTON)

You know her, children dear, you know her well,  
How often she has smiled into your eyes,  
When you have faltered forth your shy replies,  
In some grim lesson you could hardly spell,  
And you, tall youths, and you, sweet maids, can tell  
Of this friend's love, and feel her proud surprise,  
When you excel the mark; bright destinies,  
Shaped in your plastic hours, let her foretell.  
Through the long years, while parents watched you grow,  
And teachers lavished rare accomplishments,  
This friend gave richly of her heart and mind:  
Arise, exceeding all their hopes, and show  
Knowledge as action, for stern fate relents  
As a brave front, and turns an aspect kind.

R. B. C.

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## Alumni Department

Our predecessors, the Class of 1925, originated the Alumni Department for the purpose of recounting the achievements of Belmont High School graduates. Following in their footsteps, we have written the following articles.

ERNEST WESTCOTT.

### GEORGE WEBSTER

George H. Webster, Realtor, graduated from the Belmont High School in the class of 1913. He accepted a position as clerk in the real estate office of Charles S. Scott in Waverley soon after graduation, serving an apprenticeship of three years.

On July 1, 1916, he established his own office in Waverley, where he conducted a successful real estate and insurance business. In the Spring of 1918 Mr. Webster closed his office and entered the U. S. Service, serving with the 310th Cavalry and later with the 58th Field Artillery until discharged in the Spring of 1919.

He was not home many weeks when he decided to re-establish his office at Waverley and continued in the same location until October, 1922, when he moved to a larger office in Payson Park. In January 1926, he moved into his present location, 499 Common Street, Belmont, which affords improved facilities for caring for the needs of customers.

Mr. Webster has always been active in Town affairs, serving on the Republican Town Committee from 1920 to 1924 and is at present a Town Meeting Member from his district. He has served in various offices of Belmont-Waverley Post 165 American Legion, being a member of the present Executive Committee.

He has been an active suburban member of the Boston Real Estate Exchange for several years, having served on many important committees and was recently elected a member of the Advisory and Appraisal Committee for the Massachusetts U. S. Bond and Mortgage Corporation.

His tireless energy, remarkable ability and keen insight into all phases of the real estate business have made him a leader in the Town in his chosen profession. In the past decade, property to the value of many millions has been sold through his office. He has also conducted a steadily growing insurance

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business, having property covered in the Town to the value of over two and one-half million dollars. His entire organization is composed of Pelmont High School Alumnae.

The real estate profession, Mr. Webster feels, is one of the most fascinating lines of human activity in which a young man can engage.

### WILLIAM ROLLINS

After graduating from Belmont High School in 1915, William Rollins went directly into the business world, entering a prominent wool concern. Shortly after this, he obtained a position in a banking house, but did not long continue in this as the urge for further education impelled him to enter Poston University where he took up a specialized business course.

Becoming greatly interested at this time in literary work, Mr. Rollins resolved to enter Tufts where he took extensive courses in literature.

On the outbreak of the World War, realizing the need of the service of MEN, he went abroad with the Tufts American Field Corps. After serving for some time in the American unit, he was promoted to one of the French Artillery Schools where he later received his officer's commission.

After the cessation of hostilities in 1918, Mr. Rollins remained in Paris, spending his time in studying the life of the middle class of France. Returning home, he received encouragement to write a novel based on his observations while in Europe. However, Mr. Rollins did not, at this time, feel that he was adequately versed in the customs of European civilization, so he returned to France, to make a more intensive study of the mannerism of that country. Finally feeling himself ready to commence work on his novel, he again returned home, where he wrote the greater part of his book. Returning again to France, he finished his work, and shortly after again crossed the Atlantic to America where the book was published.

Since this time, Mr. Rollins has also written several short stories of merit. At the present time, he is in New York where he is engaged in writing another novel.

### HARRY LEON

Although Harry Leon graduated from Belmont in 1925, we did not lose him until the following year, as he returned for a Post-Graduate course. After leaving Belmont in 1926, he started a course at Middlebury College, but after the first semester, he decided to try for an Annapolis appointment.

He took the required examination in competition with ten other boys from the district, and won his appointment by a mark of 86%.

Of course, he still has a physical examination to undergo in June, but we

## Belmont High School

who know Leon have little doubt in our minds that he will pass the physical test as he has passed the mental test, with credit to Belmont.

### MILDRED WOOD

Mildred Wood, after graduating from the Belmont High School in June, 1915, entered Mt. Holyoke College. While at College, she was sent as a delegate to the Silver Bay, Y.W.C.A. Conference at Lake George. Here she became so interested in the industrial work of that organization, that she decided to make it her life's work. On graduating from Mt. Holyoke in 1919, she was made Assistant Industrial Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. at Bridgeport, Conn. After two years in this position she was promoted to the office of Secretary and transferred to Paterson, N. J.

Miss Wood is at present Industrial Secretary of the West Side Branch of the Y.W.C.A. in New York City. Here her work largely deals with the welfare of alien women and girls. It also requires a great deal of oversight over employers.

Belmont High School may well be proud of this one of her daughters who is so ably and efficiently rendering public service.

### RUTH STONE — BERTHA MacNEIL

Two other girls who are doing a far reaching work along the same line are Ruth Stone and Bertha MacNeil. The former, who graduated from Belmont High School in 1918, is now doing Welfare work in Seranton, Pa. The latter, who also graduated in 1918, is at present doing Social work in Boston.

### SANFORD H. DUDLEY

Since his graduation in 1921, Sanford Dudley has had an interesting and varied career. After receiving his diploma, he was undecided whether to enter the business world or continue with his studies and enroll at college, but since there was a good opening for him in the Boston office of Hollingsworth and Whitney Co., paper manufacturers, he resolved in favor of the former.

He had been engaged in business for three years when he felt the urge of travel and went to California. He remained in the West for two years, during which time he was in the employ of the Standard Oil Company and took courses at the University of California. At the end of this time, however, he could no longer resist the call of Home, for he flivvered back across the continent.

Sanford, after an unsuccessful attempt to become acclimated to the rigors of New England weather, soon set sail for the sunny south, where he is at present rendering his services to the United Fruit Company at their office in Paines, Cuba. At Paines, his surroundings are extremely pleasant, and he has found the work very enjoyable, with every chance for promotion; therefore, he is planning to remain where he is.

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WEARERS OF THE

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Belmont High School

**FOOTBALL**

Captain \_\_\_\_\_  
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\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Mgr. \_\_\_\_\_

**BASKETBALL**  
**Girls** **Boys**

Captain \_\_\_\_\_ Captain \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Mgr. \_\_\_\_\_ Mgr. \_\_\_\_\_

**HOCKEY**

Captain \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Mgr. \_\_\_\_\_

**BASEBALL**

Captain \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Mgr. \_\_\_\_\_

**TRACK**

Captain \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
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Mgr. \_\_\_\_\_

## The 1927 Chameleon



## Football

1926. This date will burn eternally in the hearts of Belmont fans; for it has been the most successful year in the annals of the football team of Belmont. After playing some of the best elevens in its class, Belmont emerged, at the end of the season, one of the few *undefeated* teams in Greater-Boston. Twenty-three men received letters and let all rest assured that those B's are well deserved. In addition to the conventional letter, a star was also awarded to each player on the invincible team. The letter men are: Captain W. Grady, Captain-Elect R. Weatherbee, W. Hood, J. Schereschewsky, R. Pearson, N. Aravanis, M. Egan, W. Flanders, R. Coe, R. Ford, A. Larson, F. Klauer, A. Flaherty, J. Freeto, P. Russell, W. Hines, L. Libbey, C. Hanley, W. Farrell, H. White, C. Rogers, F. Vaughan, and—last but not least—our versatile manager, E. Westcott.

May the record of 1926 stand as an inspiration to all future teams! The following are the scores.

|                      | Bel. | Opps. |                      | Bel. | Opps. |
|----------------------|------|-------|----------------------|------|-------|
| Needham at Belmont   | 16   | 13    | Belmont at Weymouth  | 48   | 6     |
| Belmont at Wakefield | 26   | 0     | Belmont at Melrose   | 0    | 0     |
| Wellesley at Belmont | 7    | 0     | Watertown at Belmont | 7    | 6     |
| Belmont at Andover   | 24   | 0     |                      |      |       |
| Stoneham at Belmont  | 35   | 6     |                      |      |       |
| Lexington at Belmont | 35   | 0     | Total                | 198  | 31    |



## Hockey

At the foot of the Underwood Playground hill, there lies nestled among the trees a hockey rink, upon whose face, due to the fact that the elements were almost always adverse, there was remarkably little ice during the past winter. Therefore, since it is against the rules and regulations to play hockey on a surface other than congealed water, the puck-chasers of Belmont High played in comparatively few games and had less practice. However, the members of the team maintained a splendid morale and in the few games in which they did participate, they treated the spectators to a brilliant exhibition of lively, clean-spirited hockey.

The letter men are: Captain Michael Egan, William Grady, Richard Ford, Ernest Westcott, Richard Secor, William Collins, William Keville, Elliot Wood, and the ever-faithful manager, Alfred Dunnell.

|           | Bel. | Opps |              | Bel. | Opps |
|-----------|------|------|--------------|------|------|
| Stoneham  | 3    | 3    | Arlington    | 2    | 4    |
| Waltham   | 7    | 1    | Belmont Hill | 3    | 2    |
| Melrose   | 0    | 1    | Waltham      | 1    | 0    |
| Newton    | 1    | 5    |              | —    | —    |
| Brookline | 2    | 3    | Totals       | 24   | 20   |
| Rindge    | 5    | 1    |              |      |      |



## Girls' Basketball

As far as winning games was concerned, the girls' basketball team did not meet with much success during the past season. However, the splendid spirit which all the players demonstrated must not be overlooked. Out of six games, the team defeated Lexington in the first game of the season and the alumnae in the last. The later contest was the most exciting game that one could wish to see; Miss Harrison's untiring efforts were crystallized in this final brilliant triumph.

The outstanding players were: Captain Jean Kelso and Jane Woods, peppy centers; Dorothy Silley, who played a stellar game at both guard and forward; Ellen Stone and Helen Langley, both excellent forwards; and Phyllis Crocker and Grace Piper, who proved that guards may do as much towards winning games as may forwards. These girls and the manager, Mary Bartlett, received their B's.

In addition to varsity basketball, class teams were organized and the members of the inter-class champion Sophomore team were awarded numerals.

The varsity schedule:

Jan. 28—Belmont 19, Lexington 12  
Feb. 4—Reading 30, Belmont 12  
Feb. 10—Watertown 37, Belmont 35  
Feb. 18—Winchester 35, Belmont 16

Mar. 4—Lexington 22, Belmont 16  
Mar. 11—Belmont 32, Alumnae 29

---

Totals:—Belmont 130, Opponents 165





## Boys' Basketball

March 1, 1927, marked the termination of one of Belmont's most successful basketball seasons. Although the Harrisian quintet failed in their animated attempt to keep the coveted title of Middlesex League Champions, Belmont may well be proud of the showing made by her fighting "court marshals" against such strong opposition as they experienced this year.

In close alliance with our inimitable center, Captain Alfred Larson, and Wilbur Wood, stellar basket-shooter, was John Harrison, a new star in the basketball firmament. Captain-elect Warren Flanders, together with Elmer Resnick and Philip Russell, adequately supervised activities in the guardian corners. In addition to Douglas Morris, the energetic manager, these six were the only men to receive letters.

Coach "Polly" Harris deserves a vast amount of credit for turning out such an excellent team from green material.

The scores;

|             |            |    |             |            |     |
|-------------|------------|----|-------------|------------|-----|
| Belmont 26  | Alumni     | 14 | *Belmont 21 | Lexington  | 18  |
| *Belmont 28 | Winchester | 11 | *Belmont 31 | Stoneham   | 17  |
| *Belmont 14 | Reading    | 16 | Belmont 17  | Revere     | 28  |
| Belmont 10  | Revere     | 25 | Belmont 40  | Allen      | 12  |
| *Belmont 24 | Stoneham   | 17 | Belmont 18  | Watertown  | 26  |
| *Belmont 18 | Lexington  | 16 | *Belmont 17 | Winchester | 24  |
| Belmont 8   | Watertown  | 29 | Belmont 19  | Arlington  | 31  |
| Belmont 27  | Allen      | 9  |             |            |     |
| *Belmont 16 | Reading    | 16 | Totals      | 334        | 307 |

\*League games.



## Baseball

Although the baseball season has hardly begun at the time this article goes to press, we shall endeavor to pay due homage to this sport.

From the mighty team of 1926, Champions of the Middlesex League, there remained eight veterans: Captain Wilbur Wood, William Grady, Alfred Larson, John Harrison, Michael Egan, Warren Flanders, Walter Farrell and Roland Weatherbee. These lads form a firm foundation on which to build for another successful nine; prospects for a second championship seem bright and rosy. Besides these eight men, it is more than likely that at least three others will obtain their B's this season: Oliver Allen and Philip Russell in the outer gardens and Paul Walker, in whose hands the responsibilities of managing this outfit have been placed.

One thing is certain, even at this early date; we may safely count on the team to show the fighting spirit of Belmont throughout the remainder of the season. The following is the schedule:

|        |    | Bel.                    | Opps. |    |                                  |
|--------|----|-------------------------|-------|----|----------------------------------|
| *April | 11 | Winchester at Belmont   | 8     | 7  | May 14 Andover at Belmont        |
| April  | 16 | Needham at Belmont      | 11    | 10 | *May 16 Winchester at Winchester |
| April  | 19 | Alumni at Belmont       | 8     | 7  | *May 18 Stoneham at Stoneham     |
| April  | 22 | Watertown at Watertown  |       |    | *May 21 Lexington at Belmont     |
| April  | 26 | Boston Latin at Belmont |       |    | May 23 Watertown at Belmont      |
| *April | 30 | Stoneham at Belmont     |       |    | *May 25 Reading at Belmont       |
| May    | 3  | Boston Trade at Belmont |       |    | *May 27 Lexington at Lexington   |
| May    | 11 | Pending                 |       |    | May 31 Andover at Andover        |
| *May   | 13 | Reading at Reading      |       |    | June 4 Open                      |



## Track

"Ready—on your mark—get set—go." and Belmont's track team certainly went, too, in its initial appearance on April 14, when it easily took Needham High into camp to the tune of 53 to 27. We should give the boys a little extra credit for this is the first year Belmont has had a real, honest-to-goodness track team. So far, the most promising bidders for letters are: Captain Wilfred Hood, Frank Baldau, Howland Dudley, Fred Klauer, Warren Flanders, Ivan Skinner and William Clark.

Although this article will have gone to the printer before the remainder of the schedule has been filled, Manager Miller has arranged a strong schedule and we prophesy that in all the other meets our boys will show "the old fight."

Let's go, Belmont!



## Tennis

No sport was ever more neglected than is tennis at Belmont. In fact, there is only one month each year when the tennis team is in action, and within this meager time, only a few matches are held. However, not permitting these facts to discourage them, the members of the team practice faithfully, either winning their matches or making a brilliant attempt to do so. This is a game which requires endurance, vitality and speed; imagine one performing acrobatic stunts on a sizzling hot tennis court under a broiling sun. That is what the tennis team has had to undergo and that is why we believe that they deserve recognition and praise from Belmont fans.

No selections for the team have yet been made, but the list of probable candidates follows: E. Keville, W. Keville, S. Perry, R. Littlehale, G. Frost, H. Page and W. Jack.



## The Code of a Good Sport

1. Thou shalt not quit.
2. Thou shalt not alibi.
3. Thou shalt not gloat over winning.
4. Thou shalt not be a poor loser.
5. Thou shalt not take unfair advantage.
6. Thou shalt not ask odds thou art unwilling to give.
7. Thou shalt always be ready to give thine opponent the shade.
8. Thou shalt not underestimate an opponent, nor overestimate thyself.
9. Thou shalt root with all thy might, but in rooting, a good sport will root right.
10. Thou shalt honor the game thou playest; for he that playeth the game straight and hard wins even when he loses.





### THE RAVING

(with due apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

*By* PAUL WALKER

I.

Once upon a schoolnight dreary I was pondering weak and weary  
Over many a cursed and hated volume of scholastic lore;  
While I nodded nearly napping, in my brain there was a snapping—  
Thoughts, like birds, went wildly flapping from my poor cerebrum's store;  
But in trembling hope I muttered: "'Tis the creaking of some door.  
Only this and nothing more."

2.

But alas, my hopes were shattered; for my mind was badly battered  
And an average plane of knowledge would I reach not as of yore.  
Joy is mine above all creatures; something slipped behind my features.  
No more fret I over teachers; teachers tryannies are over:  
Care I not how much they threaten; care I not if they implore  
I can study never more!

3.

When policemen finally found me, all my school books strewn around me,  
I was passionately chewing up the carpet on the floor.

Belmont High School

As they took me to the station, loud and long my protestation—  
Loud and long my exclamations at th' indignities I bore.  
Farewell rational companions—soon a straight jacket I wore.  
Your compassion I implore!

4.

For I'm mentally deficient, of my brain the coefficient  
Must be somewhere in the neighborhood of minus three or four!  
This the fruit of education! Too much mental concentration,  
Caused this woeful dissipation of my poor cerebrie store—  
Left me in a situation—situation to deplore!  
Now farewell for evermore.

---

CRITICISM—(*Obverse and Reverse*)

14 Cement Road.  
Hickville, Mass,  
April 31, 1927.

Gentlemen:—

I have perused your Chameleon thoroughly and I am prepared to state that in my opinion, your Year Book is the biggest hit of the season. One feature I like especially is that section—I can't remember the name of it now—but it has 106 pictures of the queerest looking species of mammalia I have yet seen. Allow me to congratulate you on having amassed such a collection. Surely you must have spent months and months on the study of zoology to be able to unearth such specimens. I heartily endorse this 1927 Year Book.

MISS AWFUL HOWLER, P. D. Q., L. L. D.

Imperial Palace,  
Trichina  
May 0, 1927.

Dear Sirs:—

Allow me, on behalf of his Most Dynamic Majesty, to congratulate you on your success in publishing this volume. His Majesty has found it of great value, having recently exterminated four Englishmen by showing them your Joke Department. He has expressed a wish to keep the copy you have so thoughtfully sent him; for it has proved itself more efficient than the electric chair in the disposal of criminals. We heartily endorse your Chameleon.

I NOAH THINGERTO,  
Prime Minister of Kleptomania.

## The 1927 Chameleon

### A DARK STORY

Two men who had travelled were comparing their ideas about foreign cities.

"London," said one, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world."

"Oh, no, it's not," said the other, "I've been in a place much foggier than London."

"Where was that?" asked his interested friend.

"O don't know where it was," replied the second man, "it was so foggy."

---

### UNUTTERABLE EMOTION

"Now, then, what should a polite little boy say to a lady who has given him a penny for carrying her parcels?"

"I am too polite to say it, madame."

---

### MIXING HIS CUES

Yesterday we heard positively the last one on our friend, the absent-minded professor. He slammed his wife and kissed the door.

---

### LANDING A PASSENGER

Ruth rode in my new cycle car,  
In the seat in back of me;  
I took a bump at fifty-five,  
And rode on ruthlessly.

---

### WHEN FREAK MEETS FREAK

The only time a horse gets scared nowadays is when he meets another horse.

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once.

After one has slept on a cheap mattress in a cheap hotel, he begins to realize how straw could break a camel's back.

The rabbit multiplies very rapidly, but it takes a snake to be an adder.

Dan—"Who are you working for now?"

Stan—"Same people—wife and five children."

The suppression of gambling was first noted at the time a pair o' dice was taken from Adam.

---

Eve—"Will you marry me?"

Adam—"Do I look like a minister."

---



## Belmont High School

For Sale: Pair of Broncho Horses. Good Weight, Sound, and Broken.  
Owner in Hospital.

---

### SUNDAY SCHOOL EXAM

#### *Questions*

1. Why did Adam marry Eve?
2. Where is corporal punishment first mentioned in the Bible?
3. Who was the first man mentioned in the Bible?
4. Who was the first electrician?
5. When is a woman's smoking mentioned?
6. Why did they not play cards on the Ark?
7. What is the smallest animal mentioned?

#### *Answers*

1. To raise Cain.
  2. In the register of the first family: Eve, Seth, Adam, Cain, Abel.
  3. Chap. 1
  4. Noah. He made the Ark light on Mt. Ararat.
  5. When Rebecca lit off her camel.
  6. Because the elephant sat on the deck.
  7. "The wicked flee."
- 

Walter H.—"Is there a Fourth of July in Canada?"

"Eddie" L.—"No, Canada is still under England's control."

Walter H.—"Then what comes between the third and fifth?"

---

"Juno" Wendell's formula for studying American History:

We learn by our mistakes—we make mistakes by not studying—hence, we learn by not studying.

---

### THE TYPIST'S HOLIDAY

My tYpust is in hor vacurion

My trypists awau fo r a week

My trupdt us in hwr vacarion

Wgile thse damu kews ploy hudge and seek.

#### *Chorus*

Oy, breg, boxk, bting bzek,

Brung bee j mu blinnie ti my, tp mr;

B(&angbly, b6icx,

bock m% beinino-o- mx ch-Helk?

## The 1927 Chameleon

Two elderly men, both extremely deaf, met on a country road. Dave saw that Jim had a fish pole. "Going fishing?" asked Dave.

"No," Jim replied, "I'm going fishing."

"Oh," said Dave, "I thought mebbe you was going fishing."

---

### BOSTON'S TRAFFIC JAM

Motor cop to Miss Calderara—"So you saw the accident, madame? What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

Miss Stone—"I'm afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

---

### LUSTY LANGUAGE

Evelyn K.—"Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of traffic?"

George H.—"Yes; but you should hear the bus driver."

---

### DESIRABLE SPOT

Emmy K.—"What happened to that valet of yours?"

Frannie V.—"I fired him for removing a spot from one of my suits."

Emmy—"But isn't he supposed to do that?"

Frannie—"Yes, but this was a 10-spot."

---

Ralph Coe (boastfully)—"I've had this car for fourteen years and never had a wreck."

English Teacher—"Your sentence should be inverted: 'I've had this wreck for fourteen years and never had a car.' "

---

Mr. Youngberg—"What are nitrates?"

Pupil—"Nitrates are cheaper than day rates."

---

Edward Skahan thinks his brother Jim, who is away at college, is a professional author because he's always writing for money.

---

Ma—"Johnny, there were three pieces of cake in the pantry and now there is only one. How did that happen?"

Johnny—"Well, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other piece."

---

Stan—"What's the smell in the library?"

Earl—"It's the dead silence they keep there."

---

Pell—"Do you think the English prof is old?"

Mell—"I know he is; he told me he once taught Chaucer."

## Belmont High School

"Al" Larson—"Why do they practice baseball in a cage?"  
"Woodsie"—"To keep the flies from escaping, I suppose."

---

Returned Tourist (to his friend)—"Well, I liked Paris and Rome but the best part of the whole thing was the trip over. Don't miss that, whatever you do, if you go to Europe."

---

"Bob" Daly—"I got one of those suits with two pairs of pants."  
"Dave" Foster—"How do you like it?"  
"Bob"—"Not so well. It's too hot wearing two pairs of pants."

---

A woman gave her young son half a dollar to buy a pound of plums, saying:  
"Be sure, Tommy, to pinch one or two of them to see if they are ripe."  
In a few minutes Tommy returned with both the fruit and the half dollar.  
"I pinched one, as you told me," he explained, "and then when the man wasn't looking I pinched the whole bag full."

---

Drowning Man—"Uh-blub-elp-lub-ublub."  
Drowsy Bystander—"You said a mouthful, brother."

---

It takes about 1500 nuts to hold an automobile together, but it only takes one to scatter it all over the landscape.

---

Newspaper prints this regarding a roadside notice:  
"By order of the selectmen, cows grazing by the roadside or riding bicycles on the sidewalk is hereby forbidden."

---

### ON OUR BOOKSELVES

As You Like It  
Henry IV  
Sketch Book  
Scarlet Letter  
Deserted Village  
Pilgrims Progress  
Twice Told Tales  
To Have and To Hold  
The Tempest  
Much Ado About Nothing  
Mistake of a Night  
The Vision of Sir Launfal  
The Crisis  
Innocents Abroad

No Homework  
The New Ford  
History Notebook  
D  
School on a Holiday  
Senior Year  
Excuses  
Your Diploma  
The Second Recess Bell  
Reciting when Unprepared  
Forget to do your Homework  
100% in History Finals  
College-boards  
Freshies

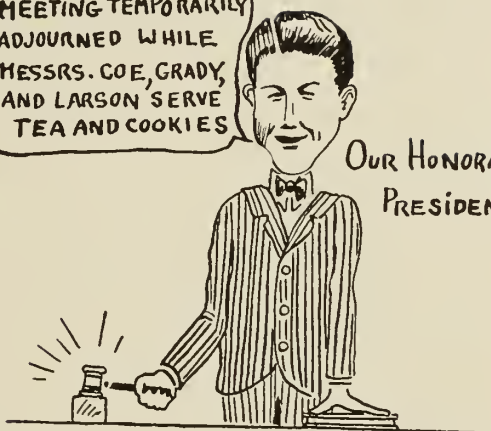
# A FEW HIGH LIGHTS OF THE CLASS

THE CHARMING EDITOR OF THE "RED AND BLUE"



MEETING TEMPORARILY ADJOURNED WHILE MESSRS. COE, GRADY, AND LARSON SERVE TEA AND COOKIES

OUR HONORABLE PRESIDENT



George "THE PERPETUAL FIRECRACKER" OF THE CLASS



MEET THE YEAR-BOOK EDITOR - WITH HIS FAMOUS "PEEPER!"

"Doug" UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS



IMS



ON OUR BOOKSHELVES—*Continued*

|                                     |                                   |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Two Years Before the Mast           | Freshman and Sophomore Years      |
| The Three Musketeers                | "Bunny", "Olly", and "Charlie"    |
| Les Miserables                      | George, Howard and John in French |
| The Inquisition                     | A Call to the Office              |
| Peter Pan                           | Charles Wendell                   |
| So Big                              | Fred Minzner                      |
| The Great Impersonation             | The English Class                 |
| Beyond the Rocks                    | Alumni                            |
| The Book of Etiquette               | Barbara Gano                      |
| Comedy of Errors                    | A History Test                    |
| Sense and Sensibility               | Pupils and Teachers               |
| Hard Times                          | Mid Years and Finals              |
| The Gold Bug                        | Howland Dudley                    |
| Paradise Lost                       | Coming back from Vacation         |
| Paradise Regained                   | Another Vacation                  |
| The Metamorphosis                   | From Freshman to Seniors          |
| The Shiek                           | William Grady                     |
| Romeo and Juliet                    | (Guess for yourself)              |
| The Call of the Wild                | Spring Fever                      |
| The Book of Snobs                   | B. H. S. Chameleon                |
| Middlemarch                         | Senior Penefit Performance        |
| Literary Lapses                     | The Individual Write-Ups          |
| Boots                               | George Panartos                   |
|                                     | { Eleanor Parker                  |
| Vanity Fair                         | { Alberta Crabtree                |
|                                     | { Olive Dennett                   |
|                                     | { Alice Westlund                  |
| The Old Curiosity Shop              | Editorial Room                    |
| Young Anarchy                       | Senior Class                      |
| K.                                  | The Editor of the Red and Blue    |
| The Passing of the Third Floor Back | Pandemonium                       |
| Alice in Wonderland                 | Alice Westlund Reciting           |
| The Circular Staircase              | Only Exit from Stage in Operetta  |

---

Tom and Bill were late for school and were called to account for it.

"What made you late, Bill?" asked the teacher.

"I was dreaming I was going to California and I thought the school bell was on the steamer I was going on."

"You did?" said the teacher, "And now, Tom, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I-I was just waiting to see Bill off."

## The 1927 Chameleon

"Georgie, I shouldn't slide down the banister like that."

"Wouldn't you, Grandma? Show me how you'd do it."

---

"Dis hyah new minister am sure crazy," said a negro woman. "He told mah husband what weighs 240 pounds to bewar' lest he should be weighed in de balance an' foun' wantin'."

---

Major—Haven't you been here long enough to know how to stand at attention?

Fresh Frosh—(attired in uniform twice his size) I am standing at attention, sir. It is only my uniform that is at ease.

---

"Mama," said Little Fred, "this catechism is awfully hard. Can't you get me a kittychism?"

---

Mother—"I'm ashamed of you, Betty! Why are you whipping your poor pussy?"

Betty—" 'Cos he's dirty. He spits on his feet and wipes them on his face."

---

Papa—Bobby, if you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your class. Now, do you know what spunk is?

Bobby—Yes, sir. It's the past particular of spank.

---

"Yes, the poor man fell downstairs and had conclusion of the brain."

"Oh, you mean concussion of the brain."

"I mean what I said. He died."

---

Pompous Author—And what do you think of my book?

Shy Critic—Well, I er—

Author—Speak freely. Just what do you think?

Critic—Don't you think there's a bit too much space between the covers?

---

"Mama," said a little boy, who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"

---

Teacher—Use the word "autonomy" in such a sentence that its meaning is evident.

E-IV A—The boy studied the autonomy of the cat.

---

She:—Who is the fellow with the long hair?

He:—He's a Yale man.

She:—Oh, I've often heard of Yale locks.

Heard in Physics—

Prof:—What is there of great importance that we have now but did not have a thousand years ago?

Stude:—Me.

---

Father:—What are you going to do for a living?

Son:—Write.

Father:—Write what?

Son:—Home.

---

Child, pointing to zebra: “Oh, mama, look at the poor pony in jail with a convict suit an’ everything.”

---

The correspondent of a large business concern had been invited out to dinner by a friend. At the table the host asked him to say grace. It was a new experience, but he was not to found wanting.

“Dear Lord,” he began, “we thank Thee for all Thy favors of recent date. Permit us to express our heartfelt gratitude. We trust that we may continue to merit Your confidence and that we shall receive many more blessings from You in the future. Amen.”

---

“Here is the suit I bought of you last week,” said the angry customer to the tailor. “You said you would return my money if it was not satisfactory.”

“That’s what I said,” responded the polite tailor, rubbing his hands, “but I am happy to tell you that I found the money to be entirely satisfactory.”

---

### A FAIR EXCHANGE

A minister went to sleep in the barber’s chair and was disturbed with great difficulty. When at last aroused by the barber’s complaints, he explained that he was only returning the compliment paid his sermon by the barber on the previous Sunday.

---

### SQUEALS AND BUNKERS

Shakespeare’s extraordinary vocabulary would have been greatly increased had he lived to take up golf and tune a radio.

We sometimes think after reading the accident list that our citizens are divided into two classes—the carless and the careless.

---

I think we ought to call our new maid “Down”.

Why so?

Because she’s always breaking.

## The 1927 Chameleon

A Western garage man, having had the metal roof blown off his henhouse and being of a humorous nature, rolled it up and secured it with wire. Then he sent it to the Ford factory. A week later he received a letter reading, "Your bill for repairs is forty-eight dollars and twenty-two cents. In the meantime we are very curious to know what hit you."

---

### SUCCESS

Elsie A.:—My parents tried hard to keep me from being an artist.

Helen A.:—I congratulate them on their success.

---

### AS A FRESHIE SEES IT

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high  
Like a diamond in the sky.

---

### AS A SENIOR SEES IT

Scintillate, scintillate luminous constellation,  
In your prodigious altitude above the terrestrial sphere;  
Similar to carbonaceous isonicotic in the celestial firmament!

---

Freshie:—Say, Prof. how long could I live without brains?

Prof.:—That remains to be seen.

---

"Well, how did you enjoy your visit to the dentist's?"

"I was bored to tears."

---

Soph:—Why does a stork stand on one foot?

Fresh:—I'll bite. Why does he?

Soph:—If he lifted the other foot, he'd fall down.

---

"A man is never older than he feels," declared the ancient beau. "Now I feel like a two year old."

"Horse or egg?" she asked brightly.

---

Ivan:—"I heard a new one the other day; I wonder if I've told it to you."

Ike:—"Is it funny?"

Ivan:—"Yes."

Ike:—"Then you haven't."

---

Why use such a high crib for your baby?

So we can hear him when he falls out.



## Belmont High School

Mike:—Make your peace bozo, I'm about to shoot.

Ike:—How come?

Mike:—I've always said I'd shoot any one who looked like me.

Ike:—Do I look like you?

Mike:— Yes.

Ike:—Go ahead and shoot.

---

Teacher—Now, John, what is the law of gravity?

John—Well, I'm not sure, but father says it's never to laugh at your own jokes.

---

### OUR MOTTO

Don't study when you're lazy,  
Don't study when you're blue,  
Don't study when you're tired,  
Or have something else to do.

Don't study in the daytime,  
Don't study in the night,  
But study every other time,  
With all your main and might.

---

### GEOMETRY STUDENTS! HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

Given: I love you.

To prove: That you love me.

Proof: 1. I love you. (Given.)

2. I am a lover.

3. All the world loves a lover.

4. You are the world to me.

Therefore: You love me. Q.E.D.

---

### TRUTH OVER-ALL

Lawyer (to witness in overalls):—How much were you paid for telling lies?

Witness:—Less than you, sir, or you'd be in overalls, too.

---

### HELPING HIM ALONG

"Lady, could ye give me a quarter to get where my family is?"

"Why, certainly, my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

"At the movies."

---

A very stout and portly gentleman was asked why he did not play golf. He replied that he had tried it once but when he placed the ball where he could see it he could not reach it and when he placed the ball where he could reach it he could not see it.

## The 1927 Chameleon

The problem of a modern mother is to have dinner ready on time for a cook who wants it at five, a son who wants it at six, a daughter who wants it at seven, a husband who wants it at eight, and for herself who doesn't want it at all.

Paul Walker (writing first minutes): The Senior Class held a meeting on Friday. The minutes of the meeting were from 12.05 to 12.18 P. M.

### STATION KQOS—307 METERS

(Keeping Quiet Our Specialty)

February 30, 1927—(Three-Four Time)

|                  |                                                                                        |                                   |
|------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 7.50 A.M.        | Opening Chorus.....                                                                    | The Early Birds                   |
| 8:00 A.M.        | Duet: "Me and the Feet"                                                                |                                   |
|                  | Heavy footsteps are heard as George Panartos arrives accompanied by much noise.        |                                   |
| 8:05 A.M.        | FEATURE. The Library Slip Parade.                                                      |                                   |
| 8:10 A.M.        | Time Signals.....                                                                      | S. B. C. Observatory              |
| 8:12 A.M.        | Nursessian's Funeral March in D Minus.                                                 | Entire Company..                  |
| 8:14 A.M.        | Specialty. "Last but not Least."                                                       |                                   |
|                  | Al Swanson & Jean Kelso do the dash from the door to Room 307 in one-half second flat. |                                   |
| 8:15 A.M.        | "The Knell of Doom".....                                                               | Prof. Comery & Co.                |
| 8:16 A.M.        | Old Fashioned Ballad—May We Have Some White Paper".....                                | Ensemble                          |
| 8:17 A.M.        | Weather Forecast and Early News Flashes .....                                          | Miss Swan                         |
| 8:18 A.M.        | Up-Setting Exercises .....                                                             | Coach Harris                      |
| 8:19-8:23 A.M.   | Silent (?) Period—Please Stand By.                                                     |                                   |
| 8:23-11:16 A.M.  | Tragedy Of School .....                                                                | 1927 Players                      |
| 9:08- 9:10 A.M.  | Series of talks on "How to Keep quiet in Corridors"                                    | Evelyn Keith                      |
| 9:48- 9:53 A.M.  |                                                                                        | Grace Maguire                     |
| 10:33-10:35 A.M. |                                                                                        | Barbara Jack                      |
| 11:16-11:18 A.M. |                                                                                        | Virginia Gustafson                |
| 11:18-12:00 A.M. | Operetta, "Little Salmon Eyes" .....                                                   | Ensemble & Juniors                |
| 12:00:12:20 P.M. | FEATURE: Hunger Strike.....                                                            | Senior Class                      |
| 12:12 P.M.       | Duet: "Where Is My Wandering Pad This Morning".....                                    | Miss Swan & Miss Jane Woods       |
| 12:22:12:42 P.M. | Grand Mob Scene from Gobbletta .....                                                   | Ensemble                          |
| 12:42: 2:08 P.M. | Prisoner of Moron .....                                                                | 1927 Players                      |
| 2:09 P.M.        | Late News Flashes and Missing Persons' Bureau .....                                    | Conducted by Misses Swan & Loring |

## Belmont High School

|                 |                                                                                                       |                                                   |
|-----------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| 2:10 P.M.       | Debate: "Shall We Study or Not"                                                                       | Boys vs. Girls<br>(both taking the negative side) |
| 2:11 P.M.       | Book Race (Grady, Larson, Ford, Pearson, Harrison, and Redgate see who can carry home the most books) |                                                   |
| 2:12 P.M.       | "Exit Smiling"                                                                                        | Most of us                                        |
| 2:12: 2:35 P.M. | "Sooner or Later"                                                                                     | Tardy Chorus                                      |
| 2:35 P.M.       | "Liberty"                                                                                             | Entire Company                                    |

PAUL WALKER.

---

### DID YOU EVER TRY TO CONVINCE

Miss A. Johnson that it might be true instead of false?  
Miss Miller that the write-up was really good?  
Or Paul Walker that it was bad?  
Miss Cove that there oughtn't to be exceptions?  
Miss G. Johnson that the passage is difficult?  
Miss Loring that you weren't whispering?  
Mr. Harris that he can't be heard in the Assembly Hall?  
Miss Harrison that light stockings are proper for gym work?  
Mr. Olson that you didn't drop that paper?  
Miss Gould that you need a drink?  
Miss Blennerhasset that you need to stay in the library?  
Miss Swan that you aren't late?  
Miss Stone that your proof is just as good as the one in the book?  
George Panartos that Prohibition is a failure?  
Mr. Cornery that the school clock was slow?  
David Foster that the Bruins are a poor team?

---

Junior:—What are ancestors?

Senior:—Well I'm one of yours. A post-graduate is another.

Junior:—Then why do folks brag about them?

---

Mr. Thompson:—Now in case anything should go wrong with this experiment, we and the laboratory would be blown sky high. Now come a little closer, boys, in order that you may follow me.

---

Miss Johnson:—"This makes five times I have had to keep you after school this week. Now, George, what have you to say?"

George Hughes:—"I'm glad it's Friday."

## The 1927 Chameleon

Freshman:—"My teacher is very mean."

Senior:—"Why?"

Freshman:—"She borrowed my knife to sharpen her pencil with which to give me a D—."

---

Teacher in a hurry to catch a 2:10 train at Belmont:—"Walter, call me a taxi."

Walter:—"You're a taxi."

---

Dick F.:—"What is 'can't' short for?"

Dave F.:—"Cannot."

Dick F.:—"Good. What is 'don't' short for?"

Dave F.:—"Doughnut."

---

Morris:—"What is the difference between admission to a show and admission to jail?"

Small:—"I give up."

Morris:—"One is ten cents, the other is sentence."

---

Teacher:—"Can anyone name a collective noun?"

Pupil:—"A vacuum cleaner."

---

My idea of wasted time is telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man.

---

Don't buy your thermometers now. They will be lower next winter.

---

The preacher was at ease after service Sunday night.

"Many folks at church?" said his wife.

"Yes, good attendance—and a stranger was present but I did not see him."

"But how did you know?"

"There was a dollar bill in the contribution box."

---

"I heard you refused the job of president of the country."

"Yes. There was no chance for advancement."



## Belmont High School

Bill:—Doesn't Paul swear terribly?

Kenny:—Yes, he sure does. He doesn't put any expression in it at all.

---

"This watch," said the dealer, "will last a life time!"

"Nonsense," returned the customer, "your remark is absurd on the face of it, for it is plain to see its hours are numbered."

---

Teacher:—If I cut a piece of beefsteak into two parts, and cut the halves in two and also divide the quarters, what would I have?

Johnny F.:—Eighths.

Teacher:—And then again?

Johnny F.:—Sixteenths.

Teacher:—Again?

Johnny F.:—Hamburger.

---

Waiter:—How would you like to have your steak, sir?

Diner (tired of waiting):—Very much, indeed!

---

"My brother was sure a dumb guy."

"How's that?"

"Why, they had to burn down the school to get him out of the first grade."

---

Miss Fleming:—"Where's the paper plate I gave you with your pie?"

Kenneth Nay:—"Oh, I thought that was the lower crust."

---

Teacher:—What is the plural of mouse, John?

John H.:—Mice.

Teacher:—Correct. Now the plural of spouse.

John H.:—Spice.

---

Emmy:—Three thousand four hundred and fifty-six elephants were needed last year to make billiard balls.

Len:—Isn't it wonderful that such great beasts can be taught to do such delicate work?

---

Al Dunnell:—I've just been appointed by the class treasurer to collect your dues.

Paul:—You're to be congratulated on obtaining a permanent position.

---

## The 1927 Chameleon

Hoodie:—That fellow at the bat is coming along great. He'll be our best man in a week or two.

She:—He'll do all right, but this is so sudden.

---

"That's a new one on me," said the monkey as he scratched his back.

---

Stude:—And poor Henry was killed by a revolving crane.

Englishman:—My word! What fierce birds you have here in America.

---

"Why did they shape the stadium like a horseshoe?"

"Because your lucky to get in it."

---

Beneath this slab  
Lies Tom McCasket.  
He tossed the ball  
In the wrong basket.

---

"Was it hot where you spent your vacation last summer?"

"Was it, and no trees! We took turns sitting on each other's shadows."

---

"Your hat is becoming—," she began.

"Oh. thank you," returned the enthusiastic wearer.

"Becoming a little worn out," finished the flatterer, unmoved.

---

Kind and thoughtful lady phoning the veterinary college: Will you please send someone to chloroform three cats which are outside my door? I'm afraid they will freeze to death.

---

I lost my canary yesterday.  
A flutter soon I heard;  
He flew out of my ink bottle,  
Bye, bye, Blackbird.

---

Which travels faster—heat or cold?

Heat!

What makes you think so?

Because one can catch cold.

## Belmont High School

"Hear about the Scotchman who just went insane?"

"No, what was the matter?"

"He bought a score card at the game and neither team scored."

---

"Poor Jones was killed by a train yesterday!"

"Was he seriously injured?"

---

Elmer Benjamin Resnick, while traveling in Spain, went to a bull fight in his full red dress and never before in his life was he bored so much.

---

Customer at lunch counter:—Say, this chicken must have been raised from an incubator.

One of the pleasant waitresses:—Why?

Customer:—A chicken that had a mother couldn't be this tough.

---

Stan:—Dick was almost downed last night.

Ernie:—How's that.

Stan:—The pillow slipped, the bed spread, and he fell into the spring.

---

Lincoln (McKitchen):—I have a Mexican car.

Douglas (Morris):—How's that.

Lincoln:—300 revolutions a minute.

---

Man (after catching boy who had broken his window):—What are you running away for?

Boy:—Oh, I'm running home to get the money to pay you for the window.

---

Twinkle, twinkle, cheap cigar, how I wonder what you are!

Miss J. in History Class:—You didn't put yourself in the place of that man.

Pupil:—I did, and he was a great man.

---

### JUST IMAGINE

Kaye MacKinnon not arguing.

Jane Woods not having her history done.

Philip White taking a girl to a dance.

## The 1927 Chameleon

### JUST IMAGINE—*Continued*

Edith Carlson starting a riot.  
George Hughes not walking home with Evelyn.  
The teachers saying: "I'm afraid you are studying too hard. No homework tonight."  
Anyone doing Chemistry homework.  
Paul Walker not canvassing for the Chameleon.  
Howland Dudley not collecting dues.  
"Dougie" Morris not talking in a class meeting.  
Jean Kelso not being above everyone else.  
Barbara Jack not saying: "You would, you're just that type."  
"Emmy" Keville sitting still in History.  
George Panartos not rising to a question of information.  
The Senior Class not being willing to vote.

---

### PIE A LA RADIO

One morning a trusting bride asked her husband to copy the radio recipe. He did his best, but got two stations at once. One was broadcasting morning exercises and the other the recipe. This is what he got.

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on shoulders, raise knees and depress toes, and wash thoroughly in one half cup of milk. In four counts raise and lower the legs and mash two hard boiled eggs in a sieve. Repeat six times. Inhale half a teaspoonful of baking powder and one cup of flour, breathe naturally exhale and sift.

"Attention: Jump to a squatting position and bend white of an egg backward and forward overhead and in four counts make a stiff dough that will stretch at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into the size of a walnut. Hop to a standstill and boil in water, but do not boil into a gallop afterwards. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub with a towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels, and serve with fish soup.

---

### HEARD IN GYM CLASS:

Coach:—"Walker, move your feet back; you're spoiling the line."

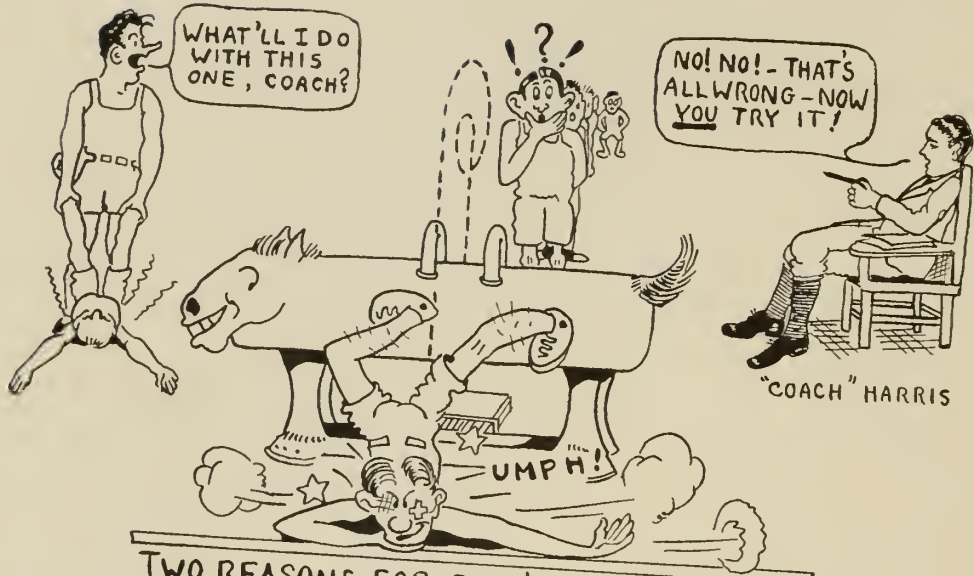
Polly:—"Those aren't mine, sir; those belong to Grady in the back rank."

---

Conversation while riding with Leonard Libbey, our own model of Barney Oldfield, "This is a fine town, wasn't it?"



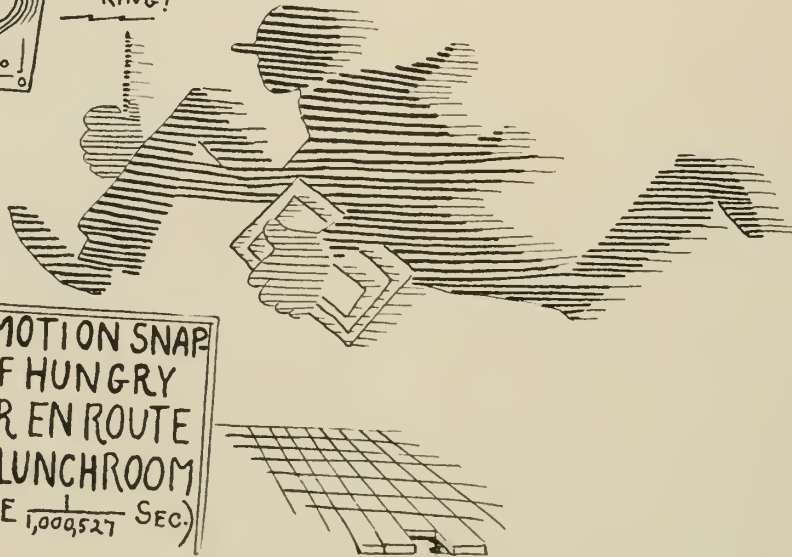
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---

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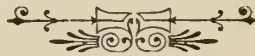
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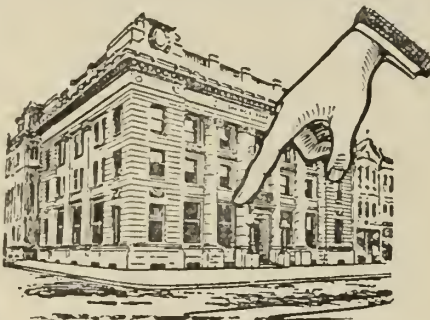
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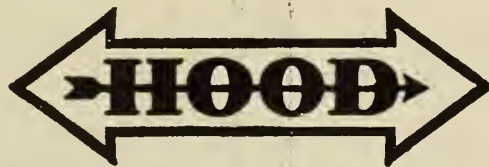
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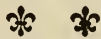
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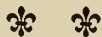
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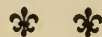
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